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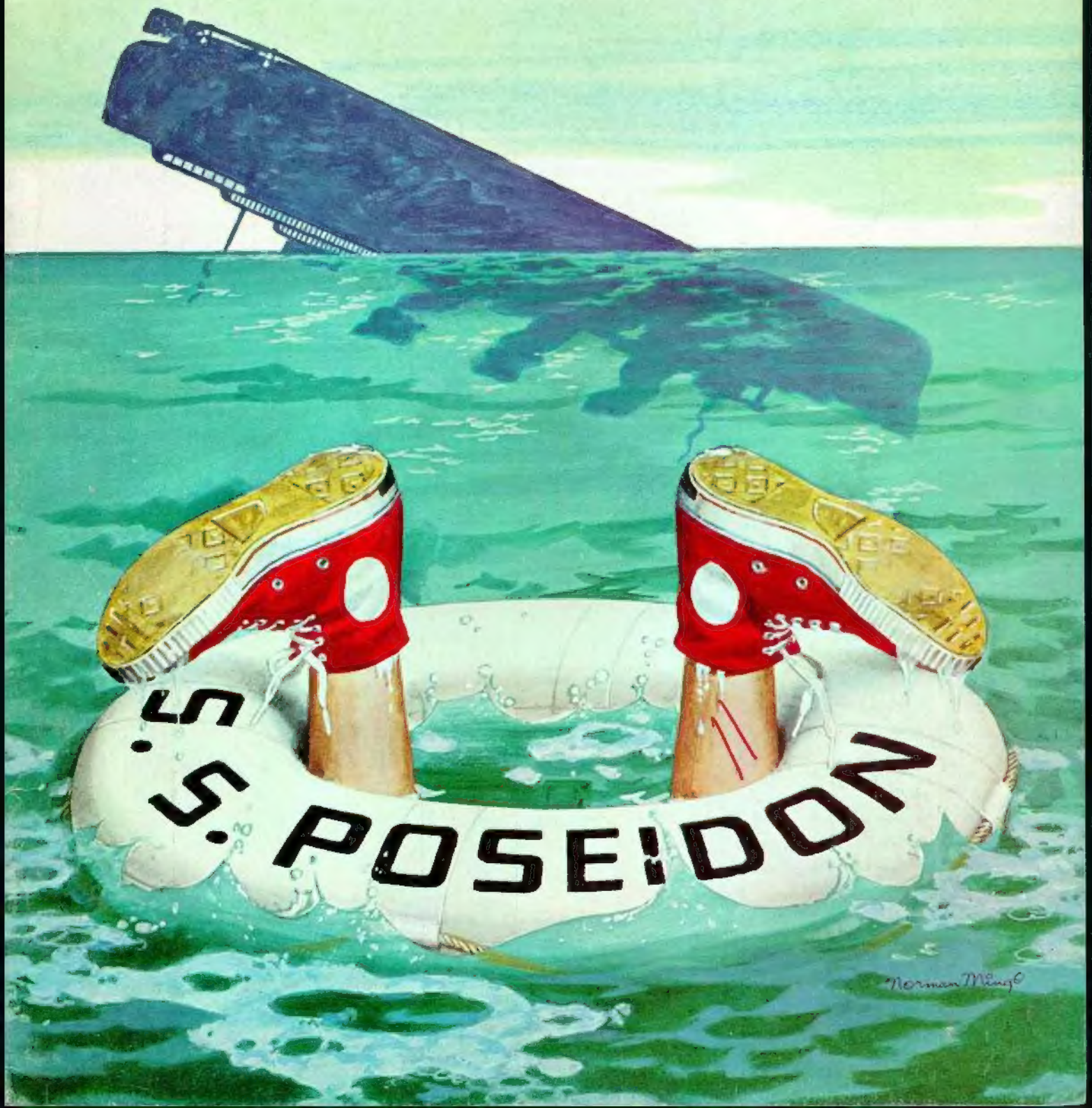

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY STUDENT ARCHEOLOGIST **Arnold Marph** UNCOVERED EVIDENCE WHICH REVEALS THAT **ALEXANDER THE GREAT** WAS NOT REALLY SO GREAT!

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ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

NUMBER 161 SEPTEMBER 1973

MAD

"You know the Honeymoon is over when your dog brings your slippers, and your wife barks at you!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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BIG REDUCTION

Yep, there's been a big reduction in the response to these ads selling full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or lining parakeet cage-bottoms. Last year we sold 27! This year, only 4! Help us reverse this trend! Order yours! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE IN EVERYDAY PRODUCTS

After reading Al Jaffee's "Planned Obsolescence In Everyday Products", I began to examine my toilet paper, pencils, teabags and everything else in the article.

Norris Brown
Portsmouth, Va.

"Planned Obsolescence . . ." was a real *ripoff* and probably truer than we even suspect!

David Kosisky
Laurel, Md.

I've had experience with Mr. Jaffee's "Fade Soap" which reduces to slivers that can't even be handled by a dexterous piano player!

Barbara Stephens
Santa Monica, Calif.

That goes for crossword puzzle mags, too! They usually contain only easy puzzles to enable the solver to be done sooner and to run right out and buy a copy of another batch. I know because all my challenging puzzles bounce right back while the puzzle editors grab off the easy ones!

Ayem Smith
Batavia, N.Y.

Don't give Industry any more bright ideas than they already have, Al Jaffee!

Ian Patterson
Windsor, Ont.,
Canada

I hope Mr. Jaffee will forever expose human greed responsible for the deliberate weaknesses calculated to make products fall apart.

Eugene Bannon
Jersey City, N.J.

"Planned Obsolescence in Everyday Products". . . is doing the Fold-In at the back of MAD Magazine and completely ruining the poster on the opposite side.

Ken Gitter
Carteret, N.J.

FAILING HEALTH MAGAZINE

I thought your hypochondriac satire was so real, I gave it to the hypochondriac I married to see if he recognized himself. He laughed at how ridiculous it was, then he claimed that the ink from the magazine had soaked into his pores and he was sure to have blood poisoning by morning. HELP!

Darlene McCormack
Wrangell, Alaska

"A CROCKWORK LEMON"

I had been waiting for you to perform a malenky bit of ultra-violence on Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange." It was great! That part where Alecch heaved on the drunk and said, "This is better than Karate!", really broke me up. Wanna buy a slightly used Stomach Distress Bag . . . cheap?

Carlene Gardner
West Palm Beach,
Florida

"A Clockwork Orange" is a very important picture in this age of ultra-violence and sickness. You failed to note its importance, which is why your satire made little or no sense. I just can't understand why you can hit some ideas right on the nose, and miss so widely on others.

Mitchell Hill
Spokane, Wash.

"Crockwork . . ." was sickening, horrible, grotesque, emetic . . . and hilarious. Congrats!

Mark Ray
Ballwin, Mo.

I was so moved by Stan and George, I turned the page and . . . ULLP!!

Richard Briggs
Tustin, Calif.

How can you have an effective anti-violence movie without having quite a bit of violence in the film itself? But then, I asked myself how you MAD-men can make a satire out of *another* satire. You did!

Irma Zwan
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada

"A Crockwork Lemon" was a sickening experience.

Barbara Bassett
Sacramento, Calif.

Please send me twenty-five "Barf Bags." Just finished reading Stan Hart's and George Woodbridge's "A Crockwork Lemon."

Mark Phinick
Cleveland, Ohio

That fourth man from the left in the last panel of "A Crockwork Lemon" wouldn't happen to be Stanley Kubrick, now would it? It's mind-boggling that sly MAD had one last barb to stick into Stanley's hide.

Kevin Miller
Rogers, Ark.

Now that "A Clockwork Orange" has been reduced to an "R" rating, I was able to see it. What I saw was not the work of art I was told about, but an over-violent bunch of garbage. My sincere thanks to Stan Hart and George Woodbridge for showing what a lemon the orange is.

Alan Pforsich
Indianapolis, Ind.

OWEM MARSHMALLOW

"Owen Marshmallow" is fantastic! Giving a mediocre TV show relevance with the Indian problem at Wounded Knee is a stroke of genius. It proves once again that Lou Silverstone is not only MAD's funniest writer, but also MAD's *only* thinking writer.

Colleen MacDonald
Antigonish, N.S.,
Canada

As a first year law student, I really enjoyed your "Owem Marshmallow, Attorney-At-Law." Owem's strategy was something else and I plan on saving the article for future reference.

Pallie Nolan
Notre Dame, Ind.

HOW COME ON TV . . . ?

Regarding your "How Come On TV . . . ?", I'll bet when the TV cooking expert cooks her French gourmet meal in seemingly immaculate kitchen fashion, the real mess she makes is completely out of camera range.

Melicia Phillips
New York, N.Y.

MAD'S GLOBAL IMPRESSIONS

I think "MAD's Global Impressions" did a world of good.

Scott Rundlett
Hudson, Mass.

MAD "BUGS" THE INSECT WORLD

"MAD 'Bugs' The Insect World" is the most ridiculous thing I've ever read since I was knee high to a grasshopper!

Peter Emslie
Ottawa, Ont.,
Canada

THE TREASURE MAP

Antonio Prohias's "The Treasure Map" was a fortune in laughs!

Rich Morgana
Flushing, N.Y.

MARTIN'S "TRANSCONTINENTAL JET"

A note of appreciation for that peerless cartoonist, Don Martin. The expressions, the outrageous sounds, the masterful plots! And *that* "One Day On A Transcontinental Jet"!

Meredith Coddington
North Platte, Neb.

Some girls like men with clear, blue eyes;
By that they are impressed.
Some girls prefer a tall, dark man . . .
Some like a hairy chest.
Some like a man who moves with ease in
ANY social set,
But I like a man who can draw
"One Day On A Transcontinental Jet"!

Florence Dawson
Miami, Fla.

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☐ MAD Word Power

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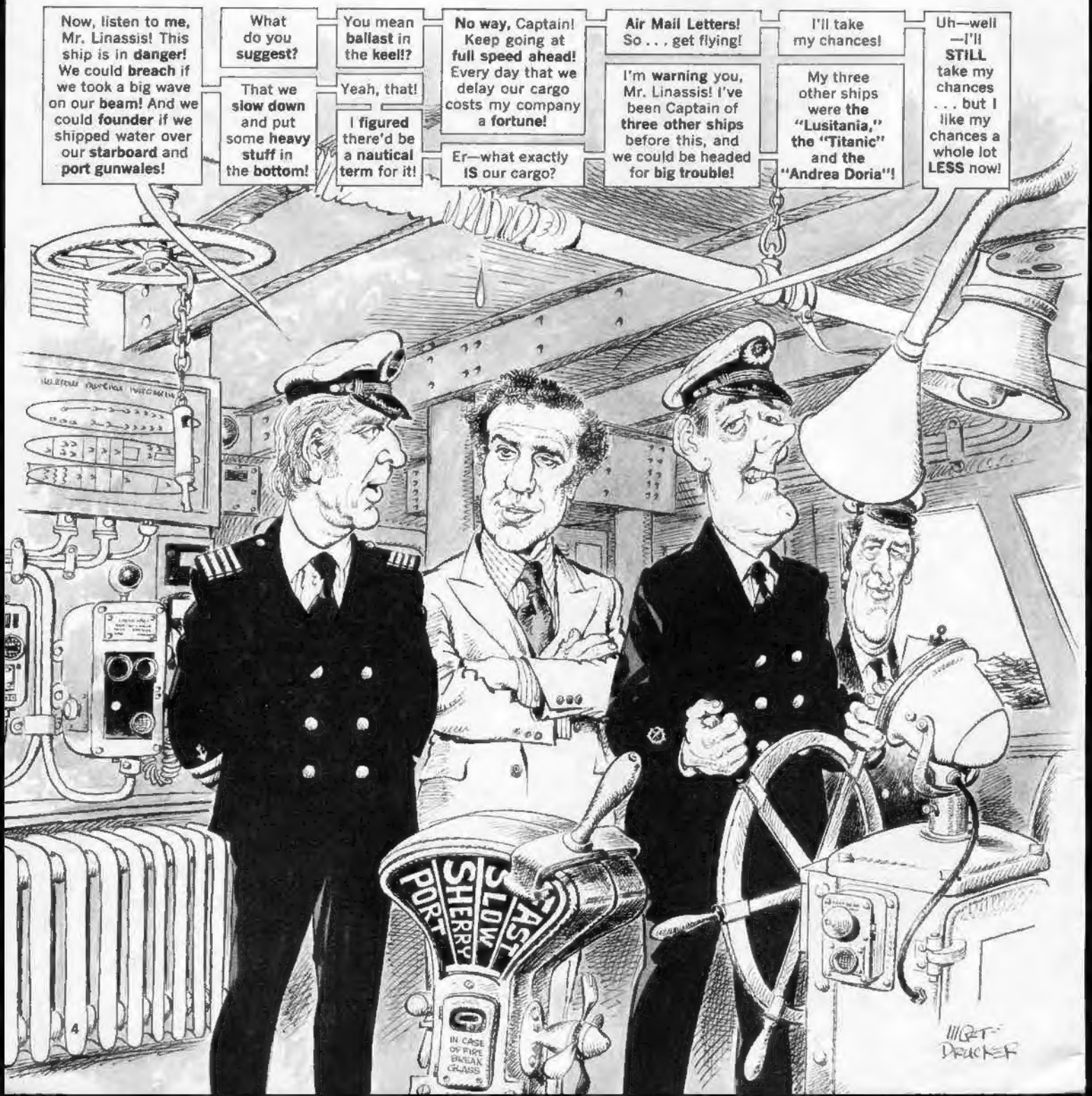
TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPT.

A while back, the folks in Hollywood made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a jet airliner. The movie was called "Airport." It was a huge success and it made millions! Recently, the folks in Hollywood said, "Now let's make a movie that's

THE POOPSIDED



completely new and different!" So they made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a luxury *ocean*liner! Here, then, is MAD's version of this completely new and different movie . . . this sort of "Underwater Airport" . . . which we have titled . . .

OWN ADVENTURE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

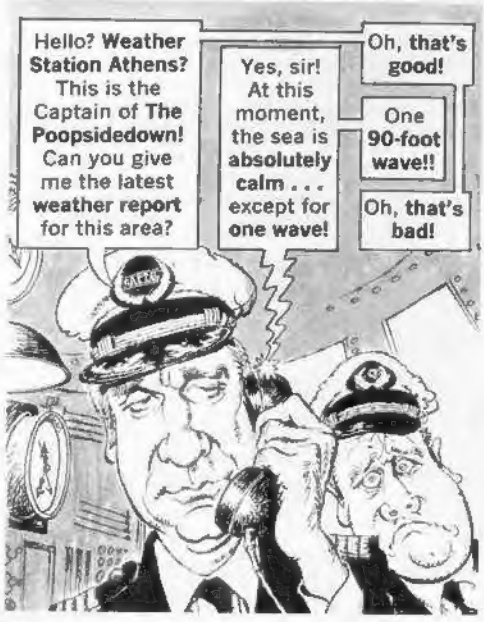
Listen to this, Snoozin . . .! The Poopsidedown is one of the most seaworthy ships ever built . . . except for one little incident!
WHAT incident?
At its launching ceremony, when they hit it with the champagne bottle, it turned upside-down! And listen to this! Its Generators make enough electricity to light all the homes in Furd, N.J.!
But there are only thirty-seven homes in Furd, N.J.!
I know! That's another thing wrong with this ship! Its Generators are too small!

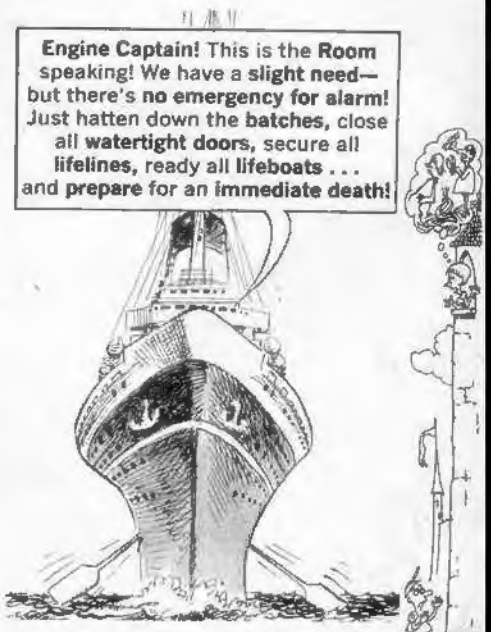
My goodness . . . a yellow, a red, a blue, a green and an orange! You sure take a lot of vitamins, Mr. Martyr!
What vitamins? These are M & M's!
Are you married, Mr. Martyr?
No! With my work, I just don't have time! I hold two jobs, and it's a long day! I'm a Milkman, and a Night Watchman! Sometimes, I don't get home until 4 the following week!

How about you, Purser? Are you married?
No, I have a Mistress!
He means the sea is his Mistress!
No, I don't! I mean your wife is my Mistress!
Limber, I just can't take you ANYWHERE!!
You said, "No more walking the streets!" You never said a word about walking the DECKS!

How does it feel to be the Captain of a ship, Mr. Captain?
It's not like what it used to be! Lately, I can't seem to keep my head above water! I keep getting this—sinking feeling! You know . . . like you're going under! But I really shouldn't complain! I guess we're all in the same boat!
Boy . . . am I sorry that I asked!!
Tell us, Captain! Who is this ship named after?
Poopsidedown, the Greek God of the Sea! That's his statue there!
CRASH!

Do you think it means anything that Poopsidedown just fell on the floor?
Er—just to be sure, I'll go to the—er—little room at the front of the boat!
You mean "The Bridge"?
Yeah! There!


Hello? Weather Station Athens? This is the Captain of The Poopsidedown! Can you give me the latest weather report for this area?
Yes, sir! At this moment, the sea is absolutely calm . . . except for one wave!
Oh, that's good!
One 90-foot wave!!
Oh, that's bad!


Engine Captain! This is the Room speaking! We have a slight need—but there's no emergency for alarm! Just hatten down the batches, close all watertight doors, secure all lifelines, ready all lifeboats . . . and prepare for an immediate death!

Captain! Look! Over there! A wall of water 90 FEET HIGH!
Oh, my God! Talk about SURF'S UP!!!
Ladies and Gentlemen, it's five seconds to Midnight . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
Wow! I've heard of wild New Year's Eve Parties . . . but this tops them all!! Or should I say, "This BOTTOMS them all!"
Listen to me everybody! We've turned over! If we want to be saved, we've got to go up to the bottom!!
Up to the bottom?!
Yes! UP to the BOTTOM! Because all the people who are down on top are DEAD!!
Wait! Don't do as he says! Stay right here in the middle!
Reverend, the Engineer told me the hull is THINNEST before the propellers!
And it's ALSO darkest before the storm! Now will you bug off!!
No . . . Rotten is right! We've got to work our way up to the propeller room!
Yeah? And what will we get there?
The shaft!!
That's what I figured!
Come with us! God is only going to help us if we help ourselves!
No, Reverend Shout! You go! You take the strong who believe in your new religion! I believe in the OLD religious ways!
What will you do??
Stay here and take up a collection!
Reverend Shout! Can you help me? I think I hurt my leg!
Can you tell for sure?
No, sir! Not until I find it! Anybody see a leg down there?
Stay there, Apers! We're coming up! Now, we'll need something to climb up! I know! We'll use that fallen Christmas Tree! It's going to be hard climbing it, with its sharp metal ornaments, shorted lights and rickety frame! But it's a sacrifice God wants us to make!
Why not just use that big ladder leaning against the wall?
What are you—an Atheist?

O.K., Mrs. Rougho! You climb up first! But you'll have to take off that long gown . . .
Sh—she ain't takin' ANYTHING off! I—I don't want all the men in this room to see her UNDRESSED!!
YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT SIX YEARS AGO!
Martyr! You bring up the rear and help all the Feature Players!
But what about the Extras?!?
The Extras can drown! With 12 Stars and these wild sets, the picture is over budget already!!
Okay! Now, do we have everybody?
I think so! We got me, the tough Cop, for conflict! We got the kids who are "too young to die" for sympathy! We got the old Jewish couple for pathos! We got the lonely bachelor and the lonely girl for the romantic interest . . .
. . . and we've got your wife, Limber, to show that a person can rise above their past sins . . .
. . . and we also got her because the broad's got a great body for "climbing the ladder" close-ups!
Yes! And that, too! Now, let's see! Apers, can you tell us what's behind that door?
I think it's the Crew's Quarters!
I think it's the air shaft!
And behind this door?
And behind this door?
Your guess is as good as mine, Sir!
What's this with the doors . . . ?? "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"?!? Can we get going . . . ??
The air shaft leads to "Broadway," Sir! And Broadway runs the entire length of the ship to the Engine Room! The Engineer told me!
Apers! do you know how to get to Broadway?
Yes, sir . . . PRACTICE!!
Are you going to believe a stupid little brat?!?
Why not?! He's one of God's creatures . . . in there—doing, climbing, helping, fighting . . . not begging for mercy! Besides, the stupid little brat may be right!
Okay, everybody! Into the air shaft!
I hope I can make it, Reverend Shout! You see, I've got a big—
—MOUTH!! But I'm sure you can do it!

Doctor . . . where are you going?

We're all going back to the front . . .!

But that's wrong! you have to go forward to the back!

Oh, no! It's up to the bottom, and then back to the front!

No! It's up to the bottom, and then forward to the back!

You won't change my mind, Reverend Shout!

Then may God shower his mercy down upon you . . or is it UP upon you?!?

Reverend Shout, is it possible they're going the right way, and we're going the wrong way?

It's possible! If you want to follow an Extra leading a bunch of Walk-ons who don't even have speaking parts—go ahead! The rest, stay here and look for supplies! I'm going ahead to try and find the route to the Engine Room! While I'm gone, each of you will have your very own big scene to do so the movie audience will get to know you so much better!

Hammy, we're never going to see our children again, are we?

Don't talk so glum! And if you HAVE to talk so glum, could you knock off that "WE" STUFF?!?

You know, Hammy, I never said this to you before, but you're a "good man"!

For 48 years, I bring home the salary—nothing! I buy you everything—nothing! I know you're never free with the compliments! So how come, on an upside-down, sinking ship, you finally admit you appreciate me?

I don't know! I guess maybe I'm turning over a new leaf!

Hey, look! You come in here, strap yourself into one of those chairs, and say to the Barber, "Just a little off the bottom, please!"

You're a lonely guy . . . and I'm a lonely girl! Do you know what that can mean if we live through all this?

Yeah! We can go to "Singles Bars" together and maybe meet somebody nice!

I gotta go to the bathroom real bad, but this is going to be a lot tougher than I thought! And I'm also getting seasick! I—I think I'm going to throw . . . DOWN!

I think that the Preacher got lost! Let's go follow the other group!

After all he's done for us, I say we can wait a little longer!

And maybe DIE?!?

That's plenty long enough! Let's go!

I found the Engine Room! All we have to do is go down that passageway, up a ladder, through a room filled with flames, then swim 40 feet under water through bilge garbage . . . and we're there!!

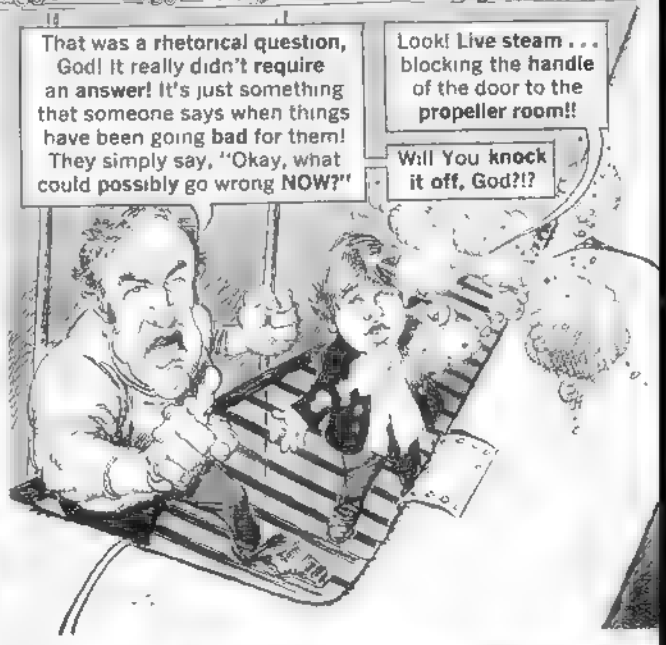
Oh, good! Just so long as I don't have to climb up another Christmas Tree!

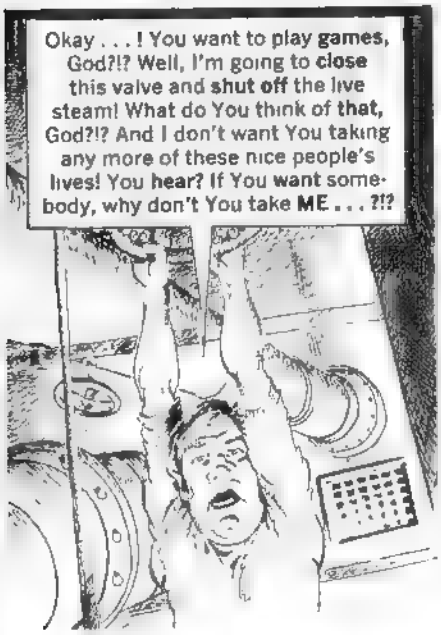
TO THE BILGE (YECCH)

Come on! Let's go! Follow me . . .
Wait! Where's Rotten? Rotten! ROTTEN!!
Here I am! I had to go to the bathroom!
Going to the bathroom was all right . . . but did you HAVE TO FLUSH IT?!?
I'll tie this rope around me and swim to the Engine Room! When you feel a jerk at the other end, follow . . .
As soon as you put that rope around your waist, there will BE a jerk at the other end! . . . YOU!!
Please! Don't start fighting! You two are going to put a damper on the whole evening! Please, let's not spoil a good time . . .!
Reverend, let me go first! I can swim under water better than anybody here! I can hold my breath for TWO MINUTES!
If she holds her breath for two minutes, it means she'll have to stop talking for two minutes! IMPOSSIBLE!!
Don't listen to him, Reverend! Let me do it! I'm a Champion Underwater Swimmer! Look! I even got a medal for it! See? I won it—
Oh-oh! He's gone! I guess he jumped in because he feels he knows the way best!
No, he jumped in so he could get a rest from your shrill voice for a while!
Th-the rope's gone slack! Something's happened! He must be stuck somewhere!
I'll save him!!
Stand back! There's gonna be another tidal wave when she hits the water!!
It's okay! She's freed him! Now—one at a time!
I can't DO it! I CAN'T! L—Let's stay here! I—I could NEVER go under water!
But Ninny! If we stay here, we'll drown!
Well, it's better than going under water, isn't it?!?
I don't know how to tell you this, Hammy, but Bellow . . . she didn't make it!
She—she freed me! And then she started telling me how I should have listened to her, and how she was a much better swimmer than me, and how she won this medal, and how she was looking forward to seeing her Grandson, and . . .
Because she was telling me all this UNDER WATER!
Wha—what happened?!?
But why didn't she make it?!
She DROWNED!
Oh, Bellow! Bellow! She . . . she never learned! Sometimes at home, I had to give her artificial respiration when she talked too much in the shower. Sob!
You—you go on! I'll stay here with her!
No! You come with us! Because LIFE is up there at the bottom, and only DEATH is down here at the top!
Okay! But stop with that UP is DOWN and DOWN is UP idiocy! I'm getting sick of it!
Besides! I think I'm coming up with—I mean DOWN with a cold!!

See that red door! That's the entrance to the propeller room! We've almost made it! What could possibly go wrong now??

HELLP!


That was a rhetorical question, God! It really didn't require an answer! It's just something that someone says when things have been going bad for them! They simply say, "Okay, what could possibly go wrong NOW?"
Look! Live steam . . . blocking the handle of the door to the propeller room!!
Will You knock it off, God?!?


Okay . . . ! You want to play games, God?!? Well, I'm going to close this valve and shut off the live steam! What do You think of that, God?!? And I don't want You taking any more of these nice people's lives! You hear? If You want somebody, why don't You take ME . . . ?!?

ZAP!
Gee, God! Can't you take a little joooookkke?

Oh . . . WOW! That's the first time I ever saw lightning strike INSIDE a ship!
He—he gave up his life to lead us here to the propeller room where the hull is thinnest!
And listen! Somebody is tapping out there! We're saved!
What's the tapping say?
H-e-y g-u-y-s, y-o-u-r s-h-i-p i-s u-p-s-i-d-e d-o-w-n!
TAP TAP TAP

Gee, kid! I'm sorry I was so hard on you all the time! You did tell us everything the Engineer said, and you really helped save our lives!
Well, I told you everything the Engineer said . . . except for one other small fact!
Yeah? What??
That if this ship ever turned over, all you'd have to do is wait about two hours and it would automatically turn itself back the right way again!
CREAKKK
RATTLE
GRO-O-O-AR!

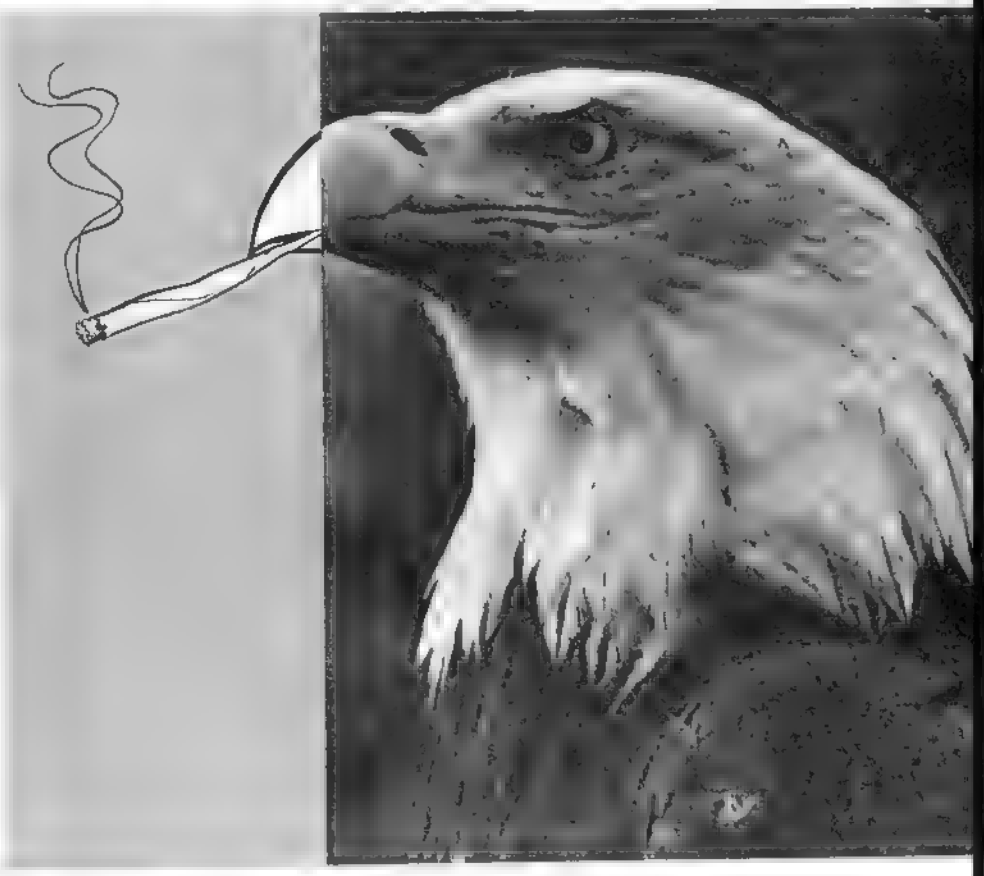
Come back! Come back down here! If I ever get ahold of you, I'll kill you! I swear I'LL KILL YOU!!

PHOTO-FINISHES DEPT.

MORE MAD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOONS



PHOTOS BY
OPI AND
WORLD WIDE

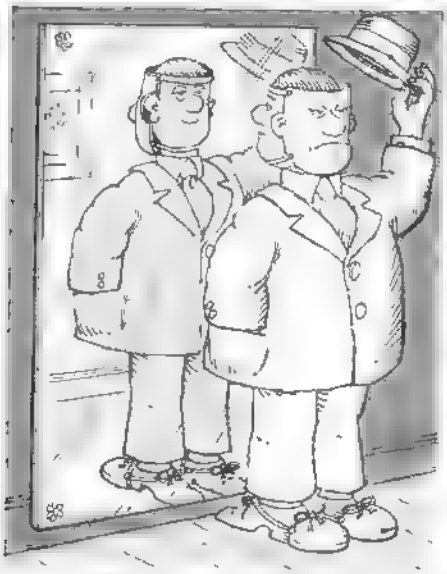
PROPS AND ROBBERS DEPT.

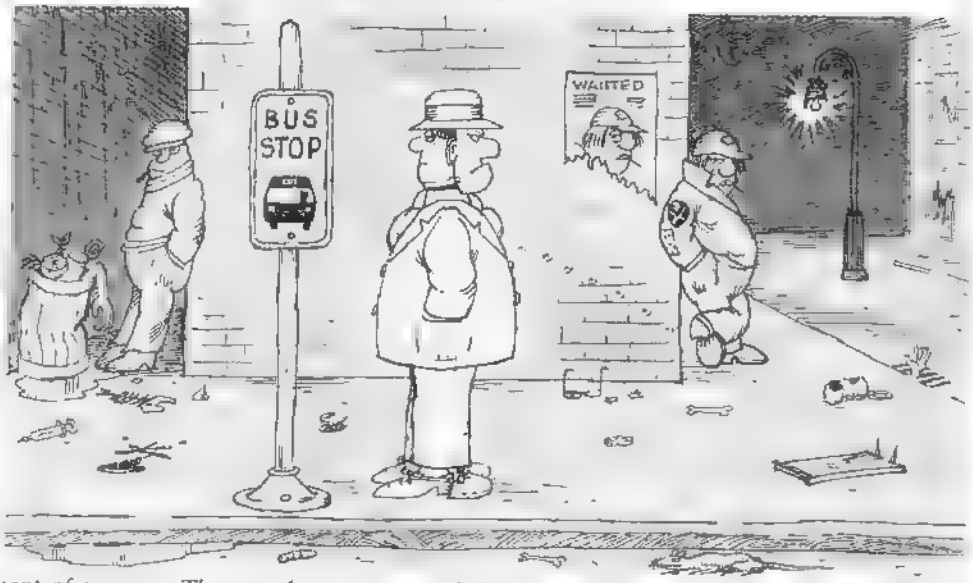
Street crime is rising at an alarming rate. Every day, people are mugged, robbed and beaten. The police would like to help, but Heaven knows they have their hands full with gamblers, illegal parkers and Sunday Blue Law violators. Nor can anyone expect help from his neighbor. Nobody wants to get involved. Alarms, whistles and sundry

CRIME FOILERS FOR T

MUGGINGS, HOLD-UPS, PURSE-SNATCHINGS

THE PHONY FRONT





Almost all muggers count on the element of surprise. They attack from behind to avoid tangling with anyone who can fight back. This costume prevents all that. It consists of a two-way suit and shirt. Phony shoe fronts complete the ensemble. No matter which way mugger approaches, he always thinks he's facing you, and you're watching him.

THE SPINY ATTACHE CASE

Pushbutton trigger in handle instantly releases dozens of porcupine-like telescoping barbed steel spines. Warning "attacker" that spine tips are coated with curare poison guarantees safety . . . if he hasn't run into them already.

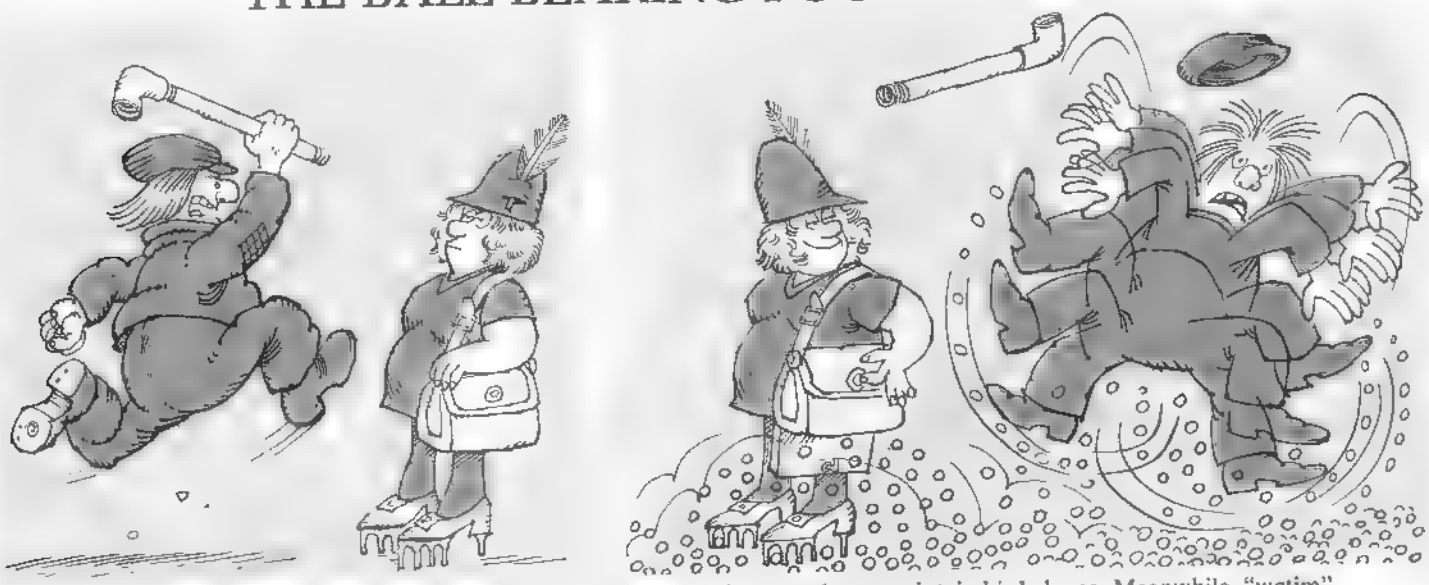
noise-makers are useless. And carrying a weapon is even worse. With surprise on his side, the mugger can quickly disarm the average person and turn the weapon against him. So what we need are devices that even crippled old ladies can rely upon with confidence as they walk the lonely city streets at night. Mainly, we need these MAD

HE AVERAGE CITIZEN

AND OTHER STREET ATTACK FOILERS

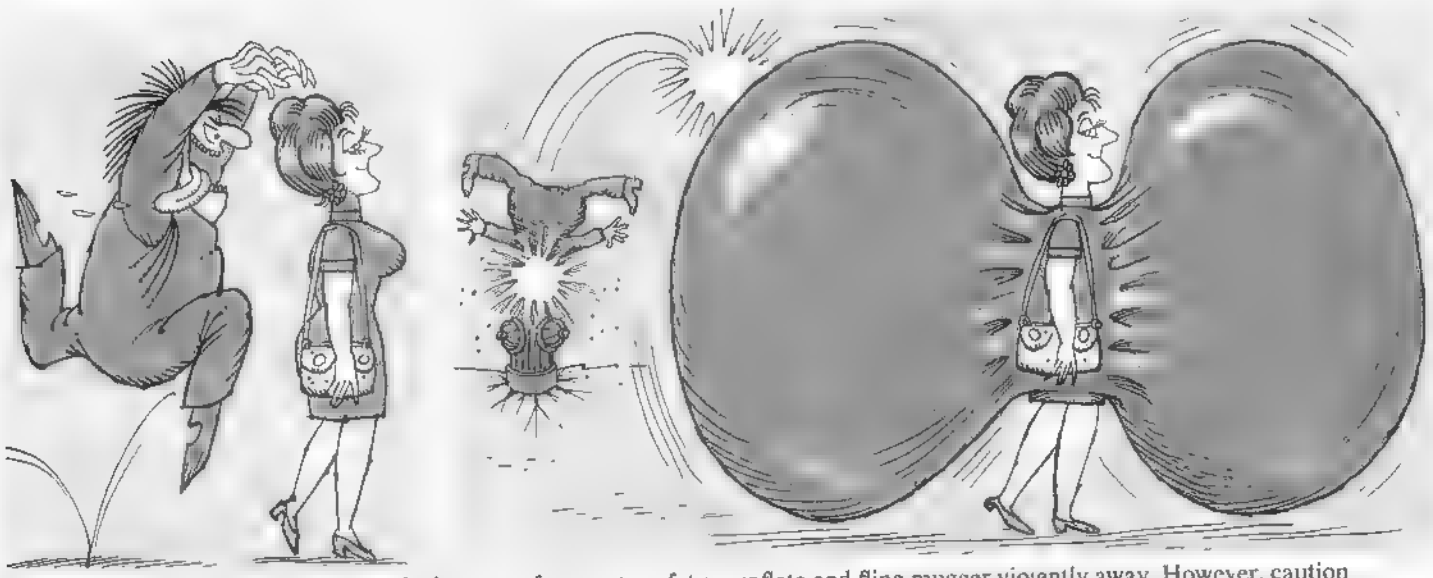
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE BALL-BEARING POCKET BOOK



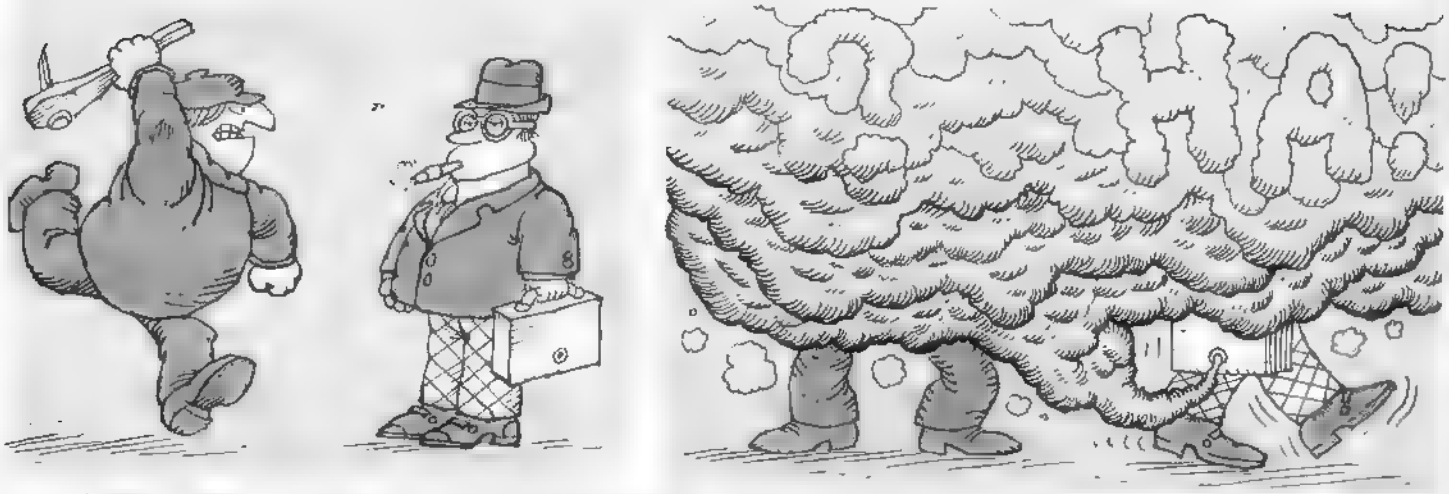
As "attacker" appears, pocketbook-wearer presses trigger and thousands of tiny lightweight plastic ball-bearings are released. "Attacker" is suddenly rendered helpless as he struggles to maintain his balance. Meanwhile, "victim" walks safely away over treacherous ball-bearings with the aid of the specially-designed spiked shoes she is wearing.

THE AIR BAG STRETCH SUIT (OR DRESS)



The idea for this protective device came from auto safety experiments. When "victim" is attacked, air bags instantly inflate and fling mugger violently away. However, caution must be exercised to avoid sudden embraces of loved ones.

THE SMOKESCREEN SUITCASE



Potential "victim" presses handle and releases huge smoke cloud. Special eyeglasses permit clear vision through the chemical smoke, and "victim" can take off without fear of bumping into "attacker," or any other unpleasant object.

THE MAGNETIC VEST

This garment looks like any ordinary vest but is actually lined with powerful magnets. Anyone approaching magnetic field with metal weapon (gun, knife, ice pick, etc.) is immediately rendered weaponless. However, caution must be exercised by wearer in everyday situations, such as when approaching metal object like a car, fence, lampost, etc.

THE GUSHING HANDBAG

Trigger in handbag handle breaks chemical capsules which combine to produce huge puddle of slipperiest goo known to Man. Special shoes on "victim" are unaffected by goo, and she walks blithely away while "attacker" goes flying.

THE VISE-GRIP PURSE

As purse-snatcher grabs purse away, handle-button (A) is released and trigger (B) unlocks two separate bag-halves. Powerful bear trap spring (C) whips bag halves around at lightning speed and bone-crushing force onto muggers hand.

THE EXPLODING HAT NET

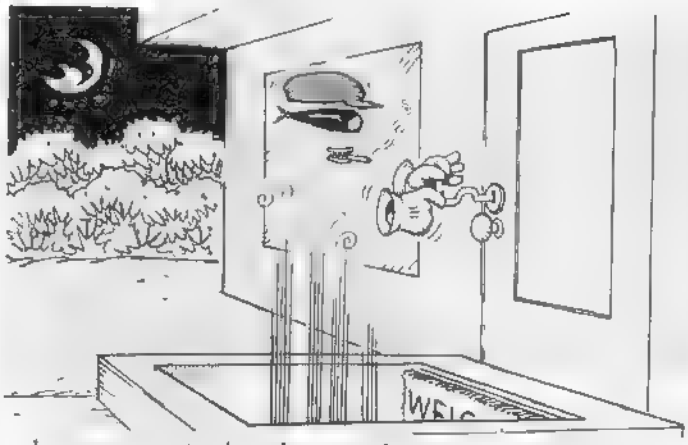
Net, woven of extremely fine but strong synthetic fibers, is carefully packed into hat. When "victim" is grabbed at throat, special collar triggers an explosive device which sends net billowing out over both "victim" and "attacker." Since they are both trapped until help comes, "attacker" will not hurt "victim" and risk more serious punishment.

THE BONE-CRUSHING KNAPSACK

Innocent-looking knapsack contains spring-mounted flatiron which is released by any violence directed at wearer from the rear. Delivers a blow equal to being hit by a 5-pound weight dropped from the top of the Empire State Building.

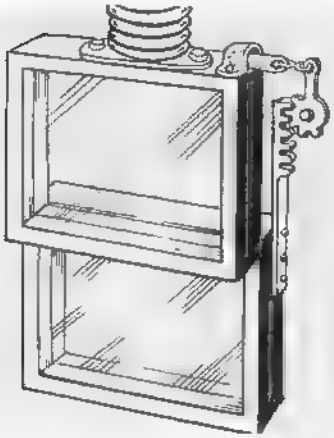
BURGLARIES, BREAK-INS, THEFTS, ROBBE

THE TRAP DOOR WELCOME MAT



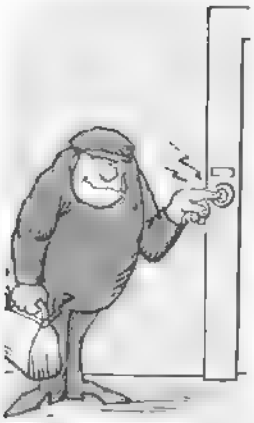
Special lock on door is calibrated to accept special key. Any other device such as a jimmy, screwdriver, hairpin or foreign key sets off mechanism that opens trap door. If homeowner intends to be away for an extended period, it is advisable to leave some food and water in the trap. Otherwise, disgusting sight will greet him on his return.

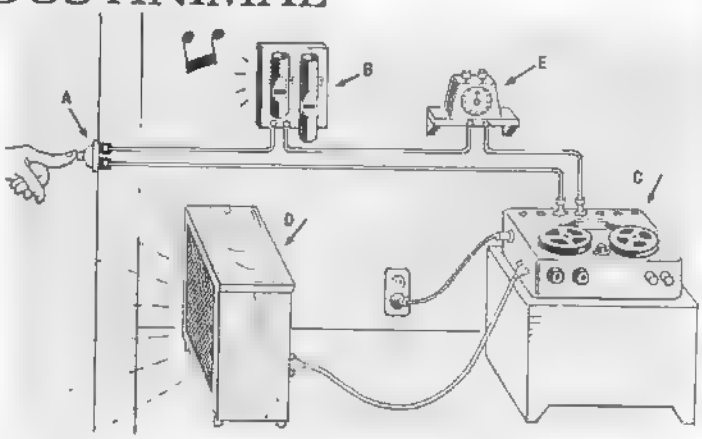
THE SPRING LOADED WINDOW



When burglar lifts lower (inner) sash, it hits mechanism (A) which releases spring (B). Upper (outer) sash comes down with thrust equal to two tons of weight, trapping thief in the act. Too bad if he's a moonlighting pianist.

THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL

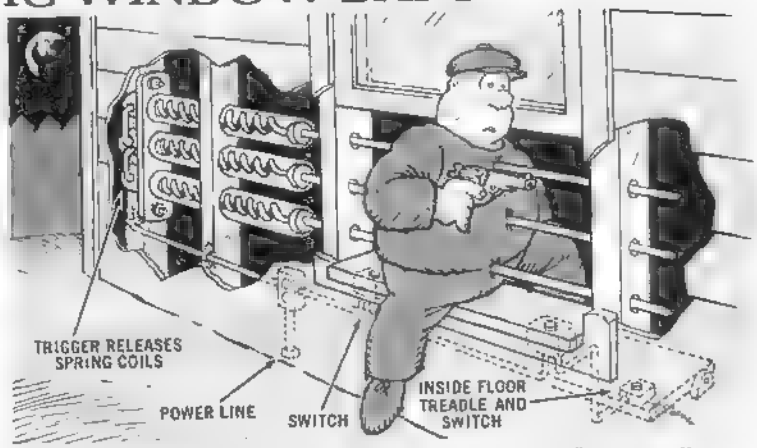




Since burglar always rings doorbell first to make sure no one is home, this simple set-up effectively discourages him. When bell button (A) is pressed, it rings chimes (B) and starts tape (C) which emits thunderous animal roars. through loudspeaker (D). Timer switch (E) stops the tape after 5 minutes. If another burglar comes, it starts all over again. Set-up can accommodate 6 or 7 burglars, which should just about cover one night's supply in most cities.

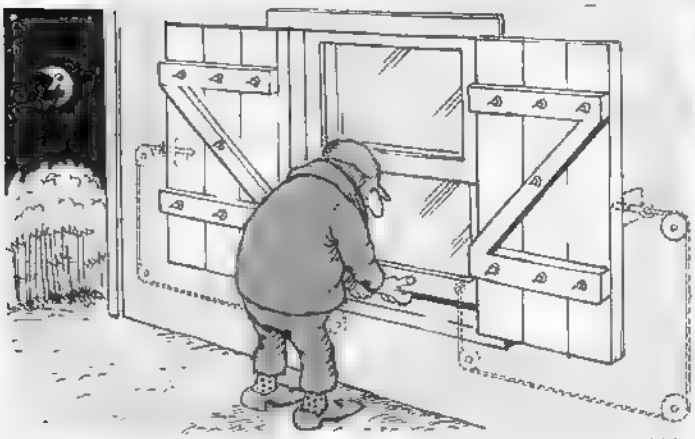
RIES AND OTHER HOUSE CRIME FOILERS

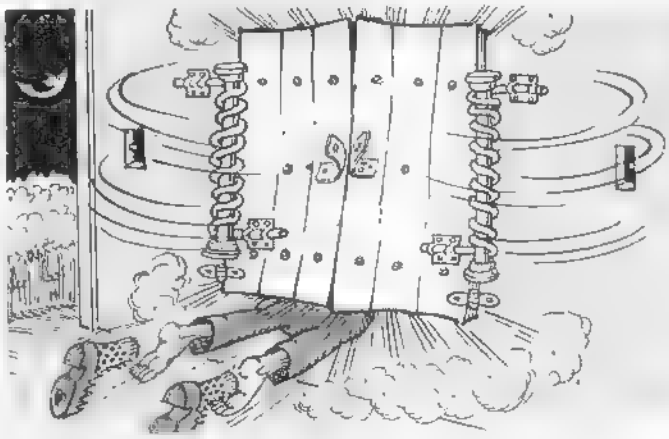
THE AUTOMATIC WINDOW BARS



Spears are hidden in window frame. When burglar puts his weight on window sill, switch is activated and spears are released which effectively bar entry to thief. Too bad—*heh-heh*—if he's caught in the middle! Note floor treadle safety feature (A) which cuts current to spring switch so that a person opening window from the inside is protected.

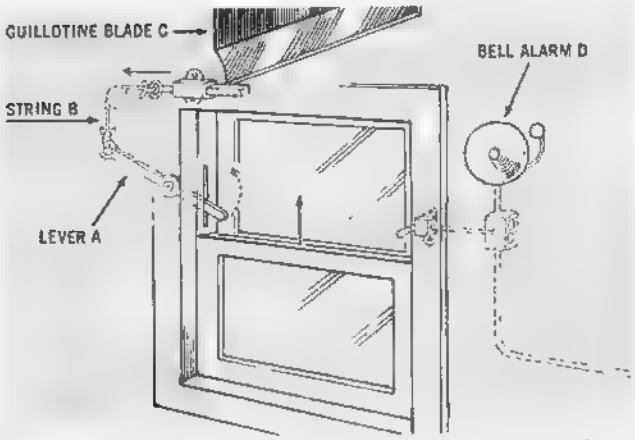
THE SLAMMING SHUTTERS





Innocent-looking shutters are hooked up so that lifting window releases spring-hinges and they crash on unsuspecting intruder. Naturally, window panes are made of shatterproof glass to avoid cuts and bloodshed and—ecch.

THE GUILLOTINE WINDOW



When intruder raises window beyond a certain point, it pushes lever (A). Lever (A), in turn, pulls string (B). String (B) releases razor sharp guillotine blade (C) which is concealed in the wall above the window. When guillotining blade (C) drops, it presents a steel shield, blocking entry to the thief, and also setting off a bell alarm (D). And if the intruder is slow getting out of the way, it also sets off another alarm . . . a scream (E).

MONEY SQUAWKS DEPT.

The President has proposed that we spend billions to rebuild North Vietnam. Controversy rages as to whether we should give all these American Dollars away. But with the Dollar devaluating more and more each day, the question may soon be not whether we should *give*, but if Hanoi will *take* our lousy money. In other words, this generous gesture on our part may very well be

AN OFFER THEY *COULD* REFUSE!

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN

Three billion Bucks to help Hanoi?
You'd think Hanoi would jump for joy;

You'd think three billion to rebuild
Would make up for the millions killed;

You'd think three million U.S. Bucks
Would make our postwar trip de luxe;

You'd think what Dick and Henry thought:
That peace with honor could be bought.

They made their offer, cool and calm,
But simply laid another bomb.

To lose face is what Reds most dread;
Now look whose face is turning Red...

As Dr. Strangelove, in surprise,
Reads what Hanoi posthaste replies:

"Since Dollars, Henry, are not sound,
Please send the money by the Pound.

If Pounds are scarce, #%¢*, why then,
Deliver us the dough in Yen.

If you can't get Yen at your bank,
Oui, oui, Henri, we like the Franc.

Fresh out of Francs? Then, Heinrich, hark:
We like as well the Deutsche Mark.

In Krona you can forward aid,
It's just with Dollars we won't trade.

We'll take the Lira if we must,
It's only Dollars we don't trust.

The Guilder is as good as gold,
But U.S. Dollars leave us cold.

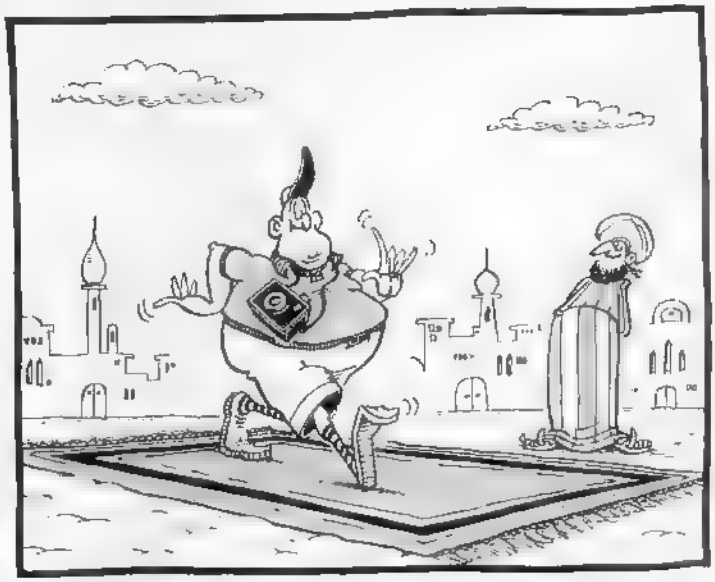
With Rubles we are well impressed,
And even Pesos meet the test;

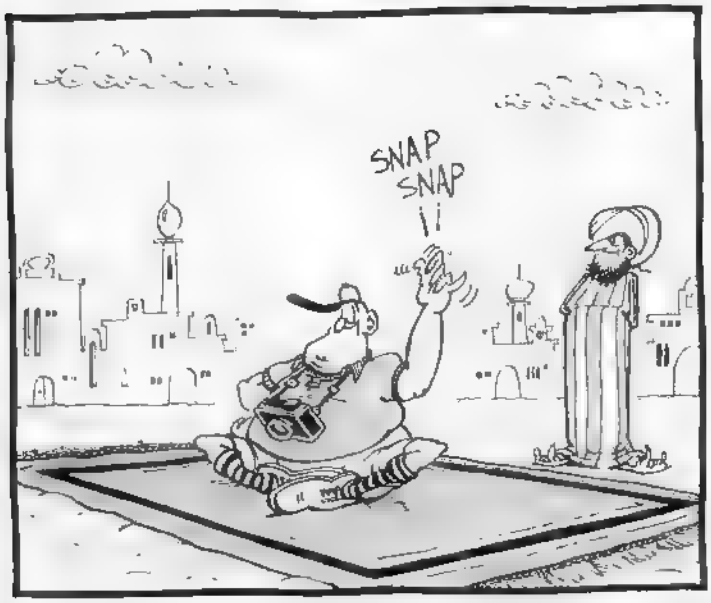
Of all world currency, alas,
It's only Bucks that do not Pass.

Because their value's hit the floor,
Please don't Hanoi us any more!"

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE MORNING IN MARRAKESH





TWICE UPON A TIME DEPT.

For years, parents have been reading Fairy Tales to their kids. And for years, kids have been believing that the characters in these Fairy Tales always "lived happily ever after"! That's because nobody ever bothered to fill in the little tykes on just how "happy" the "ever after" actually was. And so, MAD performs a public service by dispelling some of these misconceptions of childhood with . . .

FAIRY TA

Or "What Happened

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

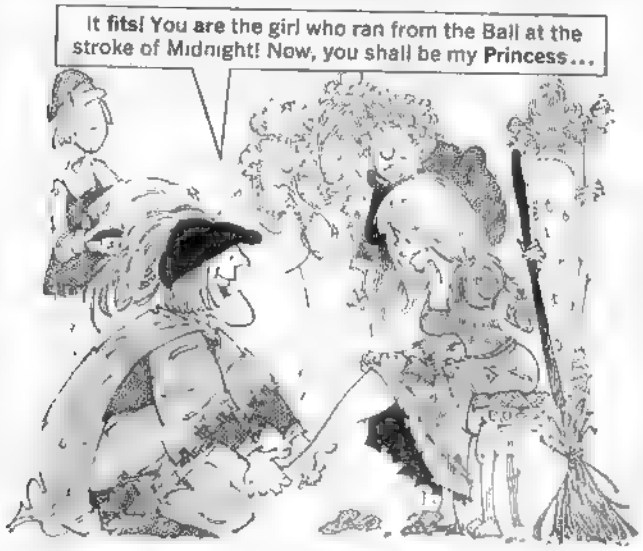
When he reached bottom, Jack took an axe and chopped the beanstalk down. And the terrible Giant fell to his death.

And Jack, his Mother and the Hen lived happily ever after!

Well . . . not quite! Because after a while, the dead Giant in the backyard took on—let's say—an *air* about him . . .

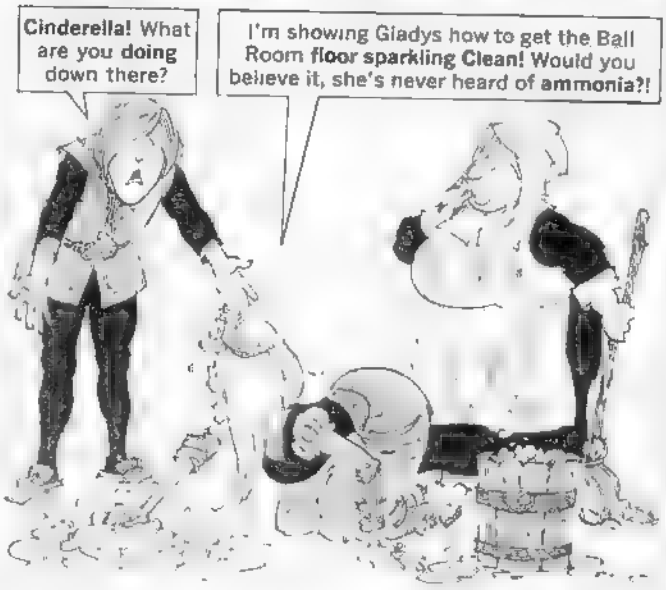
CINDERELLA

As he was about to leave, the Prince noticed Cinderella. He smiled and asked her to try on the glass slipper, too.



And so, the Prince escorted Cinderella back to the Palace. And they were soon married, and lived happily ever after.

For a few days, anyway! What the Prince hadn't counted on was that Cinderella had been a scullery maid all her life!



LES CONTINUED

After They Lived Happily Ever After"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

So Jack called in the local Undertaker to bury the Giant.

To pay a million dollars, Jack needed many golden eggs! So he began to force-feed the Hen with vitamin-enriched chicken feed, and also give her hormone shots. The Hen laid three golden eggs and dropped dead from exhaustion.

And poor Jack and his Mother lived miserably ever after!

One night, when the Prince came home, Cinderella was gone.

The Prince tracked down Cinderella and the Stable Boy and had them hanged, along with her Fairy Godmother! Then he proposed to the ugliest of Cinderella's two ugly sisters.

And so they were married, and had seven ugly, obnoxious, big-footed children, and they lived happily ever after.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

And when he couldn't blow the house down, the Wolf came down the chimney to get the third Little Pig. But the Pig had placed a cauldron of boiling water in the fireplace.

And so, the third Little Pig ate the Big Bad Wolf for his supper, and lived happily ever after in his brick house.

Well, not really! For Wolves, it seems, are an endangered species. And by killing and eating one, the third Little Pig had outraged all the local conservationists in town.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The Hare woke up, but it was too late to beat the Tortoise.

The Moral of the story is: "Slow and steady wins the race!"

Unfortunately, the Tortoise soon found that winning one race isn't everything, mainly because, among the forest creatures, he had become "the one to beat!"

THE FROG PRINCE

Suddenly, the Frog turned into a tall, handsome Prince.

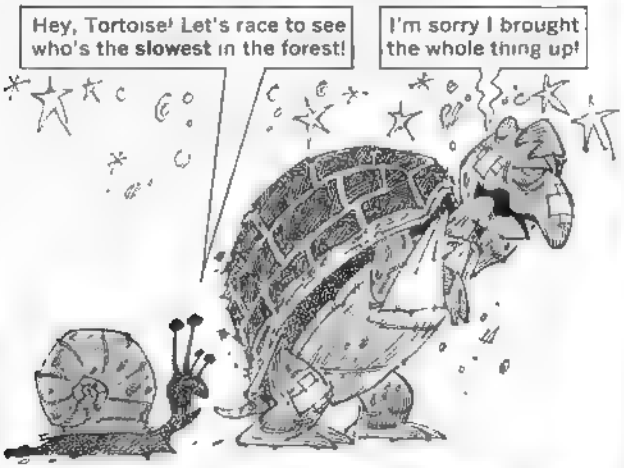
And so, they Royal Princess and the Frog Prince fell in love and were married, and they lived happily ever after.

That is, they would have...if the Frog Prince had been able to forget his past life in the forest lily pool...

Naturally, the third Little Pig became the most unpopular creature in the area. Even the other Pigs snubbed him...

And so, alone and friendless, the third Little Pig shut himself up inside his little brick house, and he became a recluse, and he lived miserably and unhappily ever after.

Naturally, the Tortoise was forced to take them all on. And naturally, he had the living hell beaten out of him.



And the real Moral of the story is: "Don't make waves!"

The Prince couldn't bear to be separated from his old and dear friends from the lily pool, even on his Wedding Night!

And so, the Prince . . . and Leon, and Harry, and Sam, and Charlie, and Gus and Croaker all lived happily ever after.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

After sleeping 100 years, Sleeping Beauty was found by a handsome Prince who kissed her and awakened her.

And so, the handsome couple lived happily ever after.

That is...until Sleeping Beauty opened her mouth...

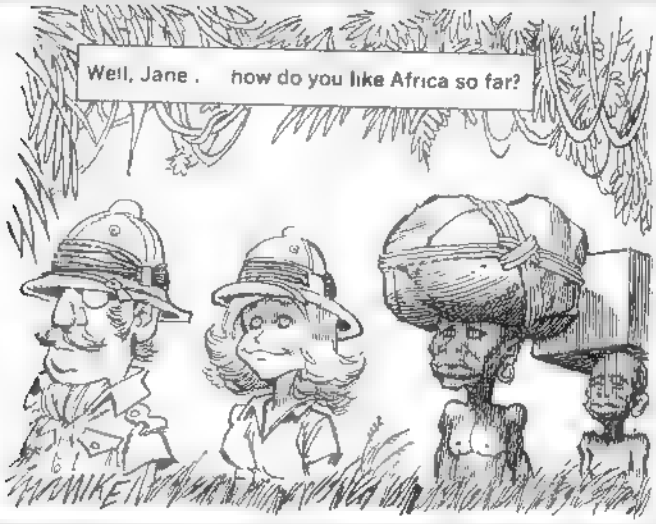
The Prince looked up the Old Fairy who had put the original curse on Sleeping Beauty and went to see her.

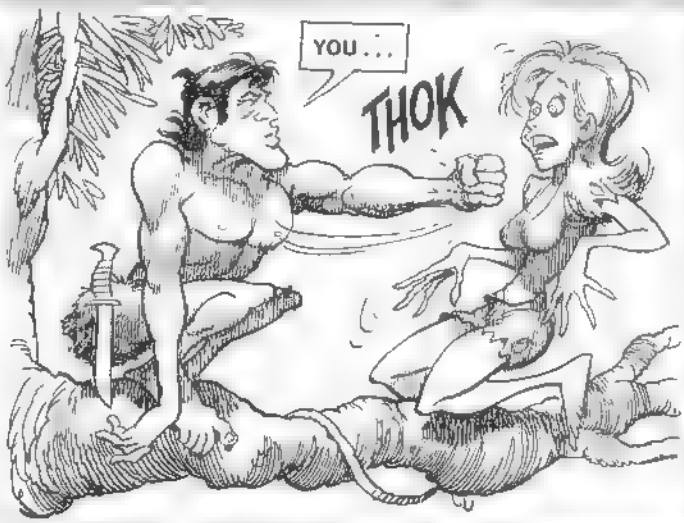
And so, in return for a large cash settlement, the Old Fairy put Sleeping Beauty to sleep for *another* hundred years! And the Prince became a swinging bachelor once again, and he lived really, really happily ever after!

LORD OF THE BUNGLE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK

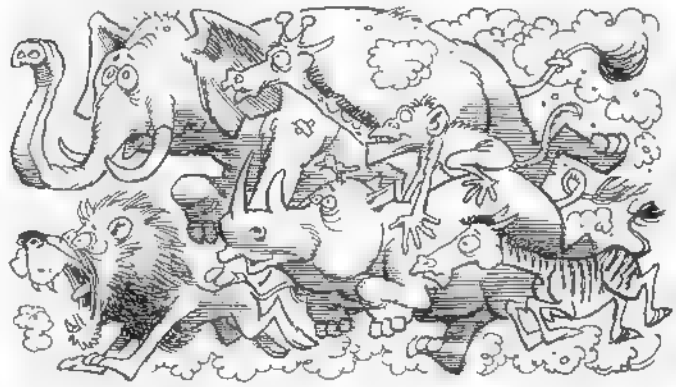
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

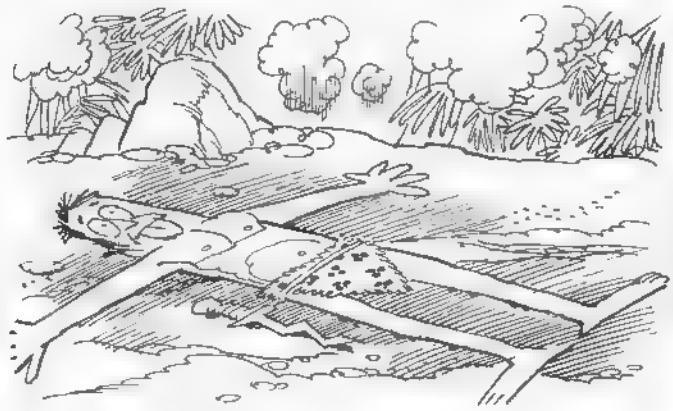




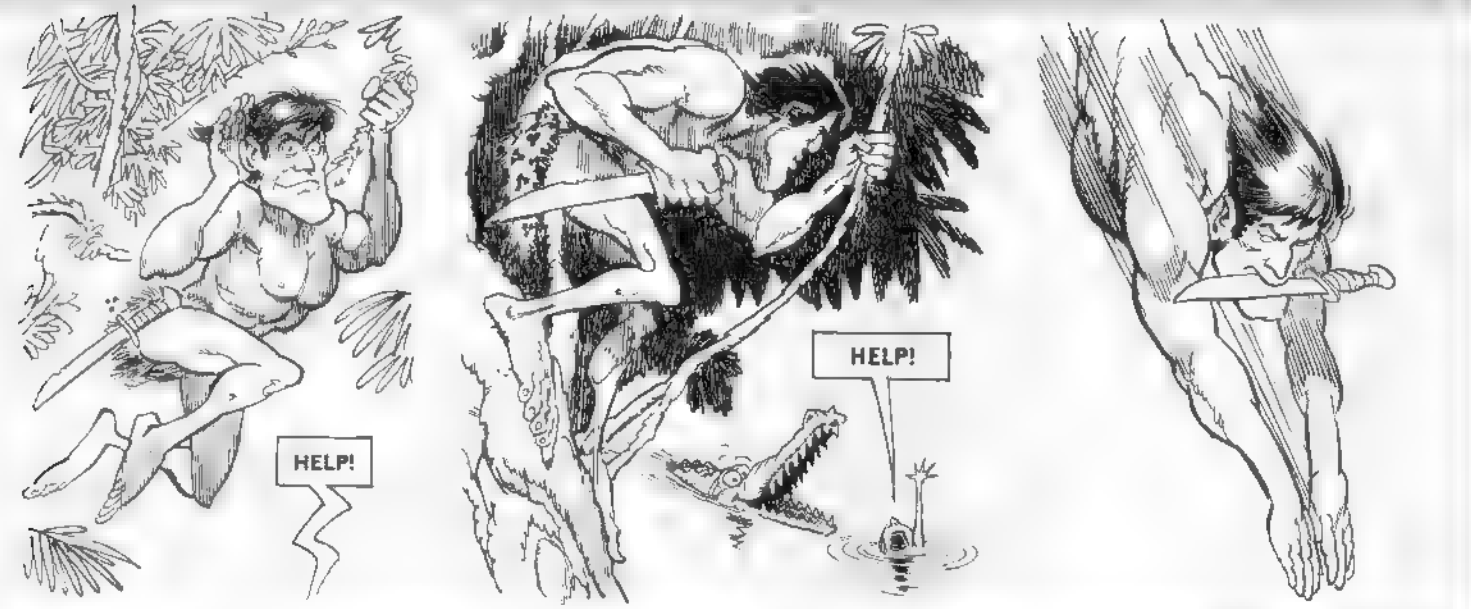
AT TARZAN

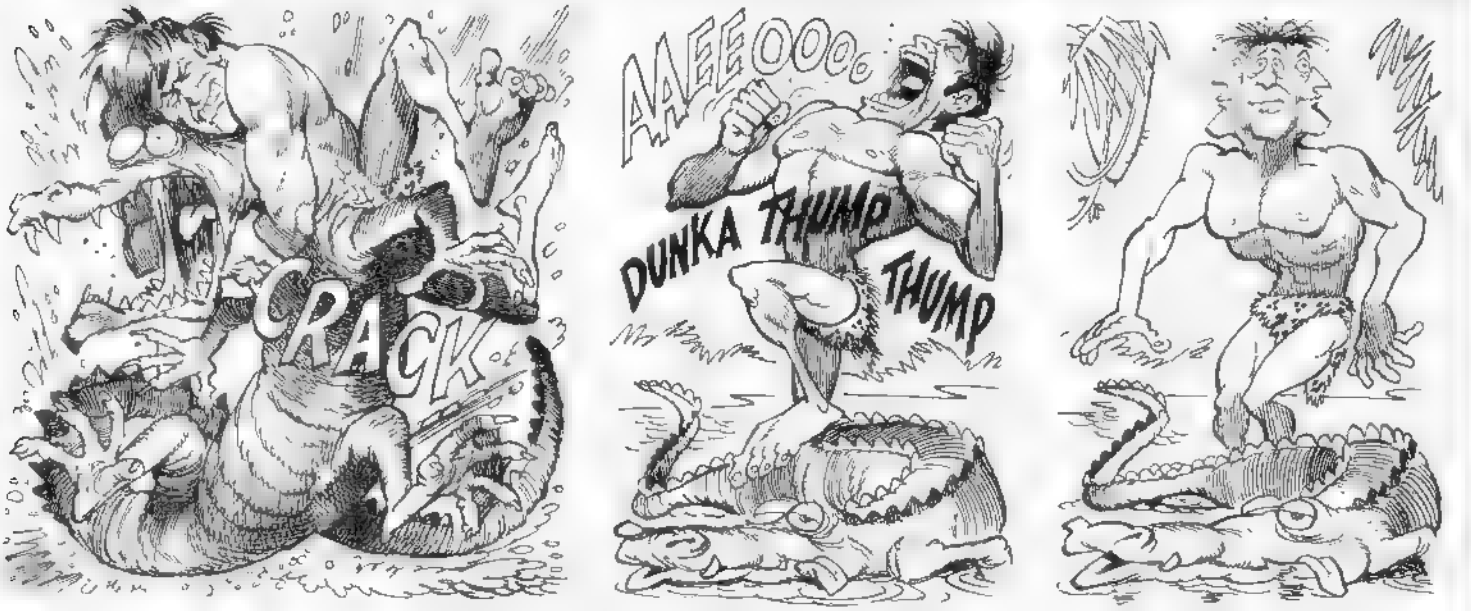
WRITER: DON EDWING





NYAHH
NEE YAH
OOO HAH
THUMP
THUMP


HELP!
HELP!

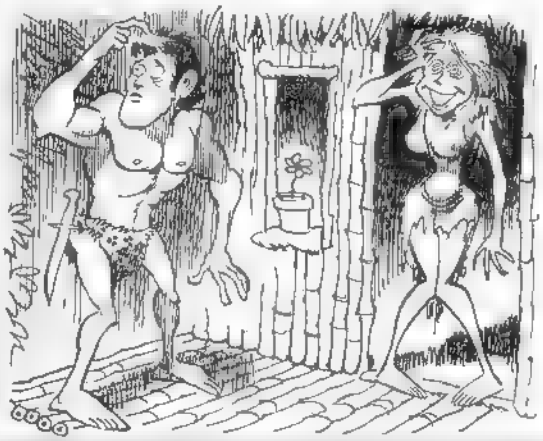

CRACK
AAEEOOO
DUNKA THUMP
THUMP

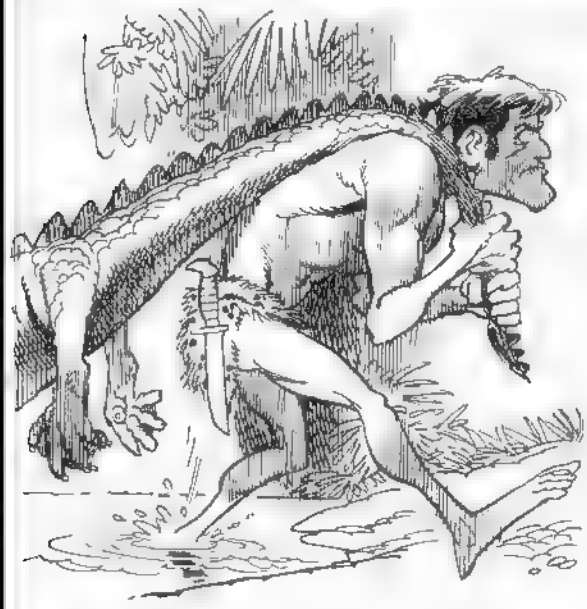
NYAH
OOHA

OOOK!
OOOK!

SPAT

Man . . . you're lucky you didn't cut your head off!

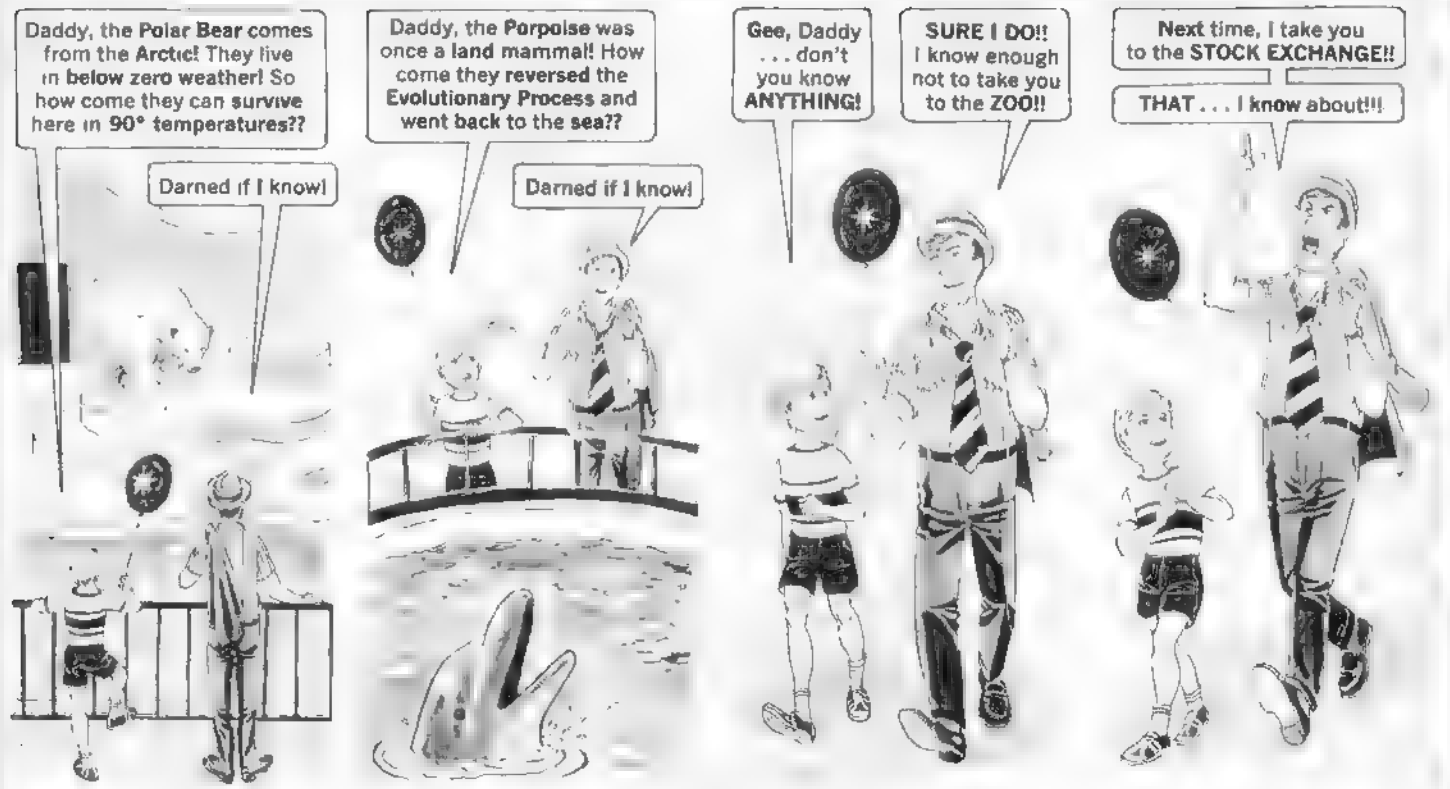




AAEEOO

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FUN



IN THE SUN

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Why do you wear that nose guard when you sunbathe?
If I don't my poor nose stands out like a sore thumb!
The burning rays from ol' Sol seem to ZERO IN on my shnozzle! It always turns beet red, starts to peel, and looks absolutely awful!
Really? Take the nose guard off for a second . . .
Okay! How does it look?
It stands out like a SORE THUMB!!
Today, you don't have to be a rich millionaire to own a Swimming Pool!
With these inexpensive, plastic, above-the-ground models, any poor middle-class shnook can own one!
But you have to be a rich millionaire to feed all the friends and relatives who come over to use it!
So you lost! Don't take it so hard! It's only a game! Besides, it's not whether you win or lose that counts! It's how you play the game! And you played it very well!
I don't look at Tennis as a point-scoring competition! To me, it's just a form of exercise! A mere work-out to keep me in shape! That's how you should look at it!
Yeah, I guess you're right!
Good! See you tomorrow!
YIPPIE! I WON!!

I bought this wild, sexy **Bikini!** It cost me a **fortune** . . . and if the guys ever **saw** me in it, their **eyes** would pop!

So why **don't you wear it?**

I AM!! It's under this **shirt!**

So take the **shirt off!**

Are you **NUTS?!?**

I'd die of **EMBARRASSMENT!!**

I **love** these **outdoor Art Exhibits!** They bring **culture** to our **drab streets!** Just look at this **still life!** That's **art!**

That's not **art!** That's just a bunch of **old fruit!**

Look at this lovely **seascape!** That's **art!**

That's not **art!** That's just a lot of **polluted water!**

Look at this beautiful **landscape!** That's **art!**

That's not **art!** That's just a broken-down **barn** and some **scrubby trees!**

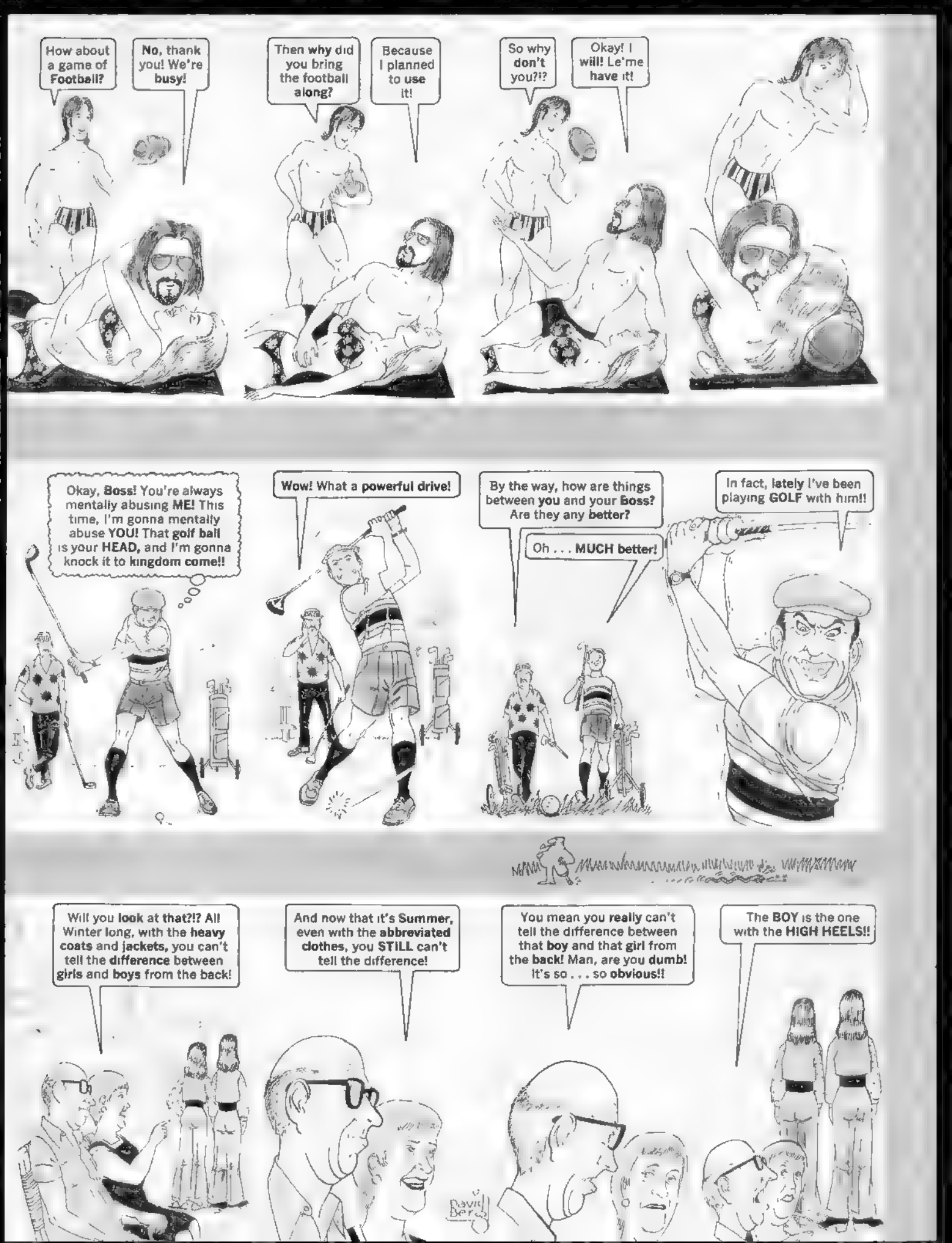
Look at **THIS** picture!

Now, THAT'S ART!!

When I was a **kid**, we were **poor!** And the only way we could **cool off** on hot days was at an **open fire hydrant!** But, **y'know** something? That was a real **FUN THING!!**

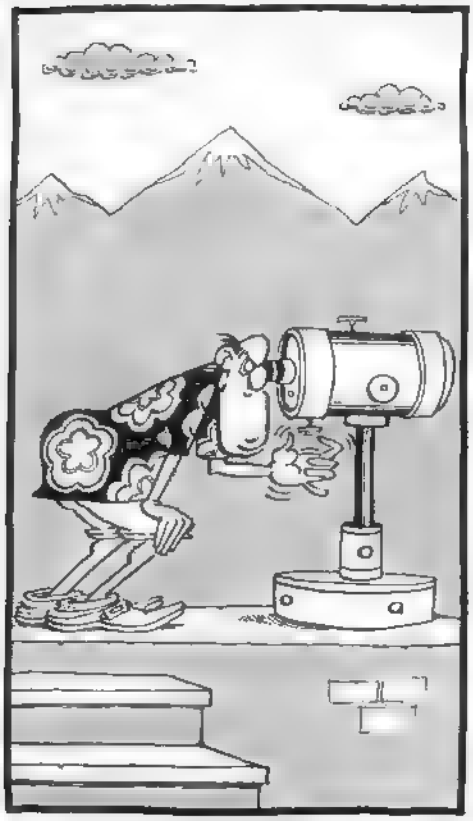
Yep! I've come a **long way** since then! Today, I belong to this **fancy Country Club!** And **y'know something?** With all it's big deal expensive facilities, it's **not really such a FUN THING!!**

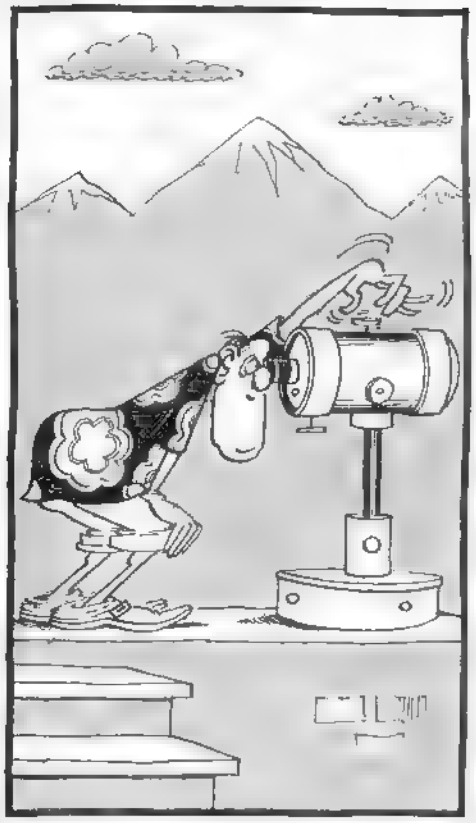
I wonder if we could install an **OPEN FIRE HYDRANT** in this place?!

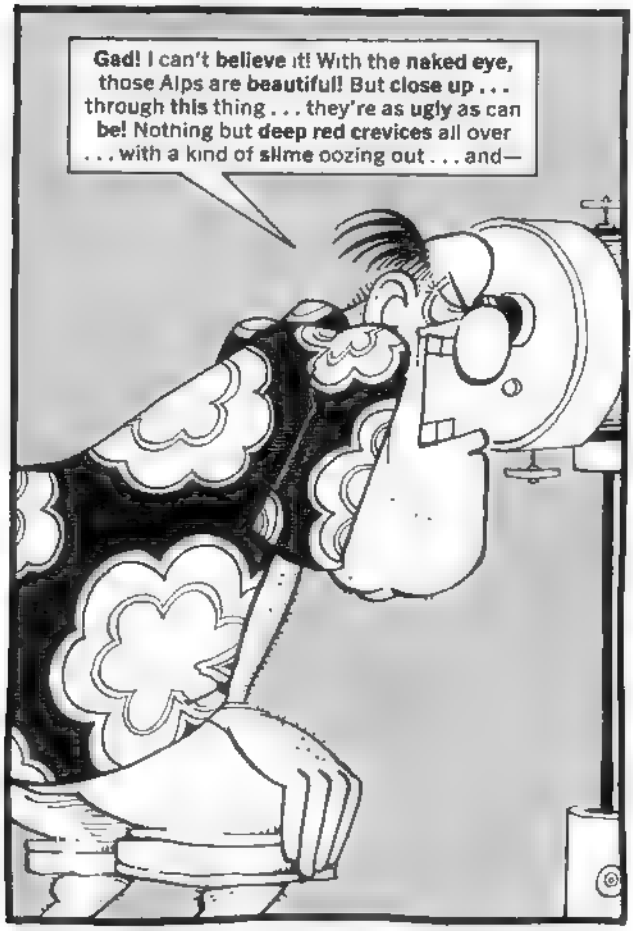

How about a game of Football?
No, thank you! We're busy!
Then why did you bring the football along?
Because I planned to use it!
So why don't you?!?
Okay! I will! Le'me have it!
Okay, Boss! You're always mentally abusing ME! This time, I'm gonna mentally abuse YOU! That golf ball is your HEAD, and I'm gonna knock it to kingdom come!!
Wow! What a powerful drive!
By the way, how are things between you and your Boss? Are they any better?
Oh . . . MUCH better!
In fact, lately I've been playing GOLF with him!!
Will you look at that?!? All Winter long, with the heavy coats and jackets, you can't tell the difference between girls and boys from the back!
And now that it's Summer, even with the abbreviated clothes, you STILL can't tell the difference!
You mean you really can't tell the difference between that boy and that girl from the back! Man, are you dumb! It's so . . . so obvious!!
The BOY is the one with the HIGH HEELS!!

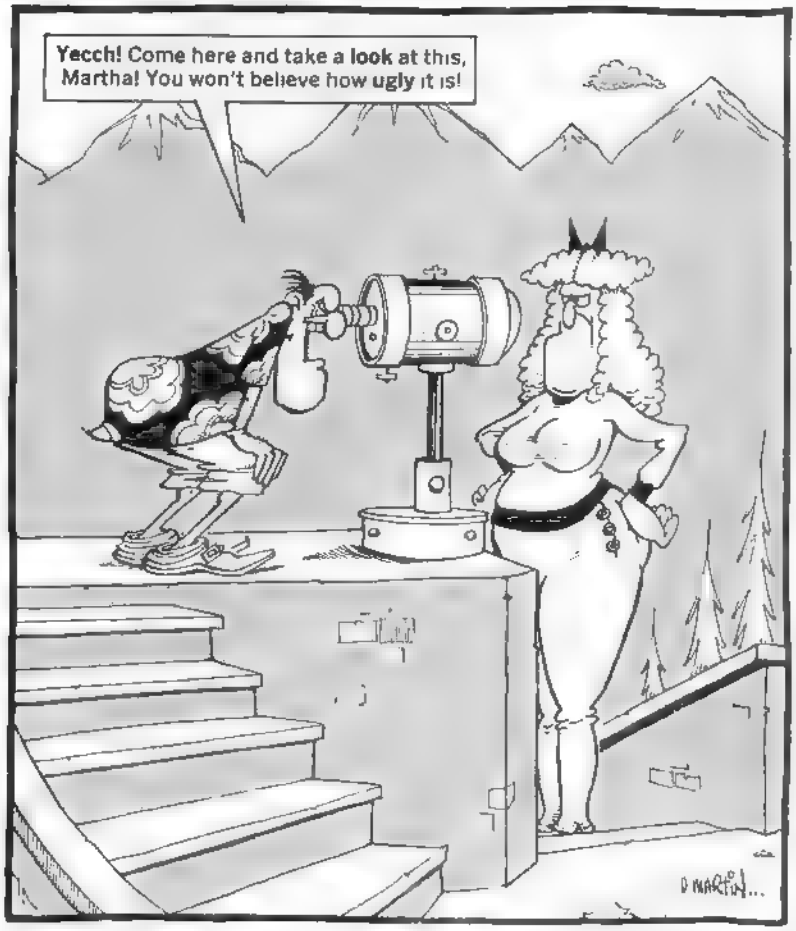
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON IN SWITZERLAND









REFRAIN IN THE NECK DEPT.

When it comes to the big problems in life—things like Vietnam and poverty and pollution—you can be sure someone's written a protest song. But what about the little things, those minor annoyances that get

Protest Songs for Life'

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Where Have All The Light-Bulbs Gone?

(Sung to the tune of *"Where Have All The Flowers Gone?"*)

Where have all the light-bulbs gone?
Short time bur-ur-ning—
Where have all the light-bulbs gone?
I'm in the dark;
Where have all the light-bulbs gone?
I'll buy some more 'cause they have blown,
I'll drive over to the store,
I'll drive over to the store

Where has the transmission gone
In my Malibu?
Where has the transmission gone?
My car won't move;
Where has the transmission gone?
I'll get the dealer on the phone;
I'll call him up from the house;
I'll call him up from the house.

Why is there no dial tone
When I'm dialing?
Why is there no dial tone?
My line is dead;
Why is there no dial tone?
I'll use the outdoor telephone;
It's only across the street;
It's only across the street.

Lament For The Average Man

(Sung to the tune of *"I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing"*)

I'd like to get a picture tube
When buying a TV,
Which doesn't blow two days beyond
It's one-year guarantee;
I'd like to catch a bus one day
Where I don't lose my mind,
To wait forever till it comes
With seven more behind.

I'd like a rear seat in a car
Built "for a family,"
With leg room that will fit a kid
Who's more than 4 foot 3;
But most of all I'd like a song
That doesn't have to be
A tune that's just a free plug for
Some soft-drink company.

That's the way it is—
In our world of today;
Yes, I'm sorry to say,
That's the way it is.

under our skin and bug us from day to day? Isn't it about time that someone came up with songs that protest against them? You don't think so? That's too bad, because MAD is now offering this selection of

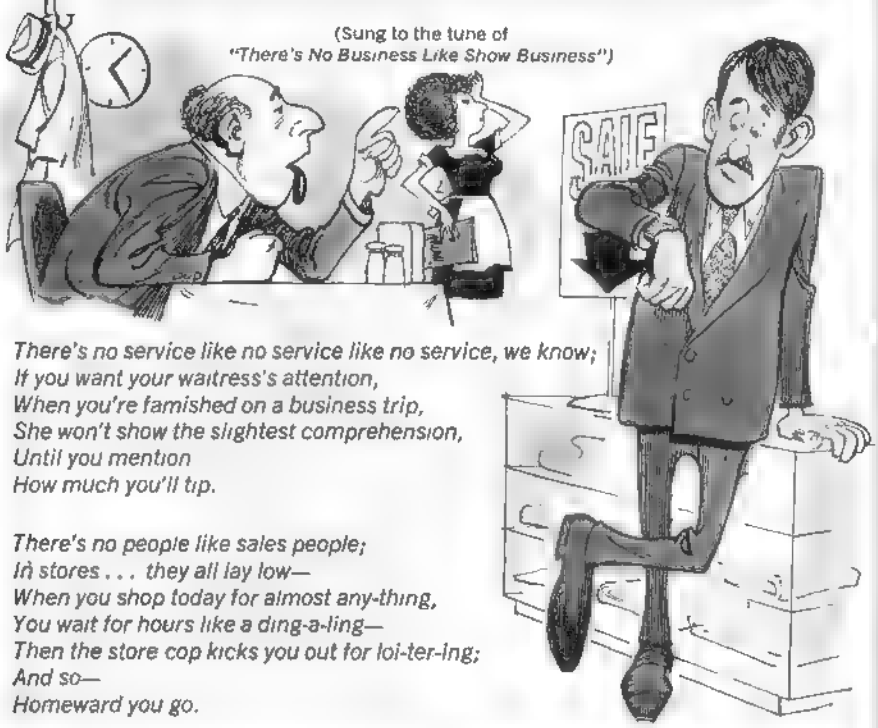
s Everyday Complaints

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Where has all my money gone
While I'm walking there?
Where has all my money gone?
I've just been mugged;
Where has all my money gone?
Gone with bulbs and car and phone;
Oh, when will I ever learn?
Oh, when will I ever learn?

There's No Service Like No Service

(Sung to the tune of *"There's No Business Like Show Business"*)



There's no service like no service like no service, we know;
If you want your waitress's attention,
When you're famished on a business trip,
She won't show the slightest comprehension,
Until you mention
How much you'll tip.

There's no people like sales people;
In stores . . . they all lay low—
When you shop today for almost any-thing,
You wait for hours like a ding-a-ling—
Then the store cop kicks you out for loi-ter-ing;
And so—
Homeward you go.

Hymn For A Hospital Patient

(Sung to the tune of *"They Call the Wind Maria"*)

The doctors say I'm well today
And yet I still perspire—
I tell the nurse
I'm feeling worse
'Cause the bills are getting higher;
They're higher!
They're higher!
The bills are so much higher!

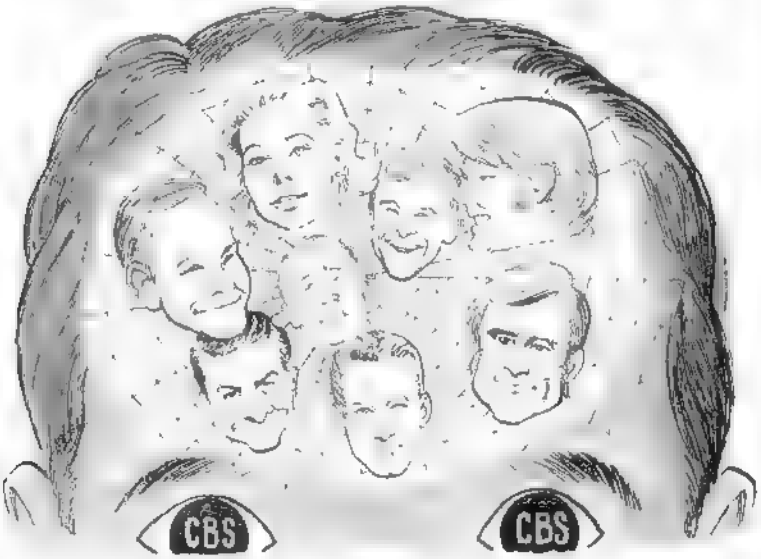
They make it plain to live with pain
Is something to admire—
So I endure
My temperature
That the bills are making higher;
They're higher!
They're higher!
Each day the bills get higher!

The man next door is here no more,
He's with the angel choir;
He's gone bye-bye
Up to the sky,
But his bills went up much higher;
Much higher!
Way higher!
His bills are much, much higher!

The Cobwebs In Your Mind

(Sung to the tune of
"Gentle On My Mind")

It's turnin' on your radio and hearin' songs like this one played all day,
With lyrics with no meaning that run on and on and on and on and on;
And it's wond'rin' why you sit there like a chloroformed opossum
Who is numb down from his head to his behind,
And you know you're goin' no-where 'cause you're in a stupor, dum-dum,
From those songs that put those cobwebs in your mind



And it's turnin' on your TV set and lookin' at those talk shows every night
Hearin' Zsa Zsa tellin' Johnny what her sister said to Merv the week before;
And it's Cavett with a yoga who the night before met Susskind
And who Buckley thinks is radically inclined;
And you sprawl there on your sofa like a lump of old salami
From those shows that put those cobwebs in your mind.

And it's watchin' ninety football games a season, missin' not a single play,
Hearin' Gifford spout statistics 'bout some flanker who had acne at Tulane;
And it's lookin' for a third time at a replay of the coin toss
When the referee his quarter he can't find;
And you plop there at your boob-tube like a half-cooked mashed potato
From those games that put those cobwebs in your mind.

Lost In A Giant Supermarket Blues

(Sung to the tune of
"By The Time I Get To Phoenix")

By the time I find the Kleenex I'll be eighty;
My long white beard will be hangin'... to the floor;
I've roamed up and down these aisles until I'm achin'—
Folks must think I've made my home here in the store.

By the time I find the Brillo I'll be ninety;
For Campbell's Mushroom Soup I've looked far and wide;
I'll stagger 'round the place... till I'm findin'
where they hide
The Tide.

By the time I find the All-Bran I won't need it;
In my wheel-chair... I'll search for Tetley Tea;
Till at least... all those clerks will come a-runnin'—
Oh, what a happy day that's gonna be—
They'll all notice me—
I'll have died, you see

The Anti-Automation Anthem

(Sung to the tune of
"The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Mine eyes have seen the folly of the automated age,
Where computers write the checks and put employers in a rage,
When they find that their employees have been paid a triple wage;
The bugs are still not gone!

Glory, glory, you can't trust 'em,
Though you fix 'em and adjust 'em—
Better take an axe and bust 'em;
The bugs are still not gone!

They do the work in banks that in the past was done by hand;
Each deposit and withdrawal they are geared to understand;
Then you get a note that says you're overdrawn by 80 grand;
The bugs are still not gone!

Glory, glory, you can't trust 'em,
Though you fix 'em and adjust 'em—
Better take an axe and bust 'em;
The bugs are still not gone!

Moan For A Movie-Goer

(Sung to the tune of
"Blowing In The Wind")

How many scenes must a man have to see
Where some creep goes berserk with a whip?
Yes, how many scenes must a man have to see
Where some guy runs around in a slip?
Yes, how many scenes must a man have to see
Where some goon makes his grandmother strip?
The "X" films, my friend, they bring the money in;
The "X" films, they bring the money in.

How many scenes must a man have to see
Full of symbols he can't comprehend?
Yes, how many scenes must we see of a fly
That crawls 'round from beginning to end?
Yes, how many films must we have to endure
While we live through this avant-garde trend?
The art films, my friend, the critics say are "in",
The art films, the critics say are "in."

How many films must the world have to see
That are filled with this mind-warping rot?
Yes, how many films must the world have to see
Till there's one with a point to the plot?
Yes, how many films must the world have to see
Till we're sick of the ones that we've got?
The struggle, my friend, is one we'll never win;
The struggle is one we'll never win.

They count your inventory in the business you maintain,
And they make up all your shipments, which may cause a sudden pain,
When they send 12 gross of girdles to a five-year-old in Maine;
The boo-boos still aren't gone!

Glory, glory, you can't trust 'em,
Though you fix 'em and adjust 'em—
Better take an axe and bust 'em;
The bugs are still not gone!

The MAD Reader's Dirge

(Sung to the tune of
"My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")

The movie by Siegel is boring;
The piece by Tom Koch can't be read;
Those pages by Berg we're ignoring—
His "Lighter Side's" heavy as lead

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

The cover by Mingo's no bonus;
The Silverstone piece is a sin;
We simply can't stand Aragones;
And Jaffee should be folded in

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree

We're up to our necks with Jack Davis,
With Dick De Bartolo as well;
From Torres and Clarke someone save us,
And please don't bring up Max Brandel

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

Don't plague us with Kogen and Coker;
Don't ruin our day with Stan Hart;
Don Martin's at best mediocre;
And Drucker needs courses in art

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

We hope from Rickard you will free us,
And Woodbridge makes everyone curse;
As sick as we are of Prohias,
These verses by Jacobs are worse.

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

WHAT'S IN

WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

VICE-PRESIDENT SPIRO T. AGNEW

THE GABOR SISTERS

LEONID BREZHNEV

MOSHE DAYAN

HUGH HEFNER

LINDSAY

CLAUDIA CARDINALE

URSULA ANDRESS

MARIA CALLAS

JOE NAMATH

JEAN PAUL GETTY

BILLY GRAHAM

A NAME?

PART ONE: PEOPLE

DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

DICK NIXON

TOM MY S MOTHERS

HOWARD COSELL

BELLA ABZUG

PETULA CLARK

MICKEY SPILLANE

INDIRA GANDHI

COLOMBO & GAMBINO

HENRY M. KISSINGER

DEAN MARTIN

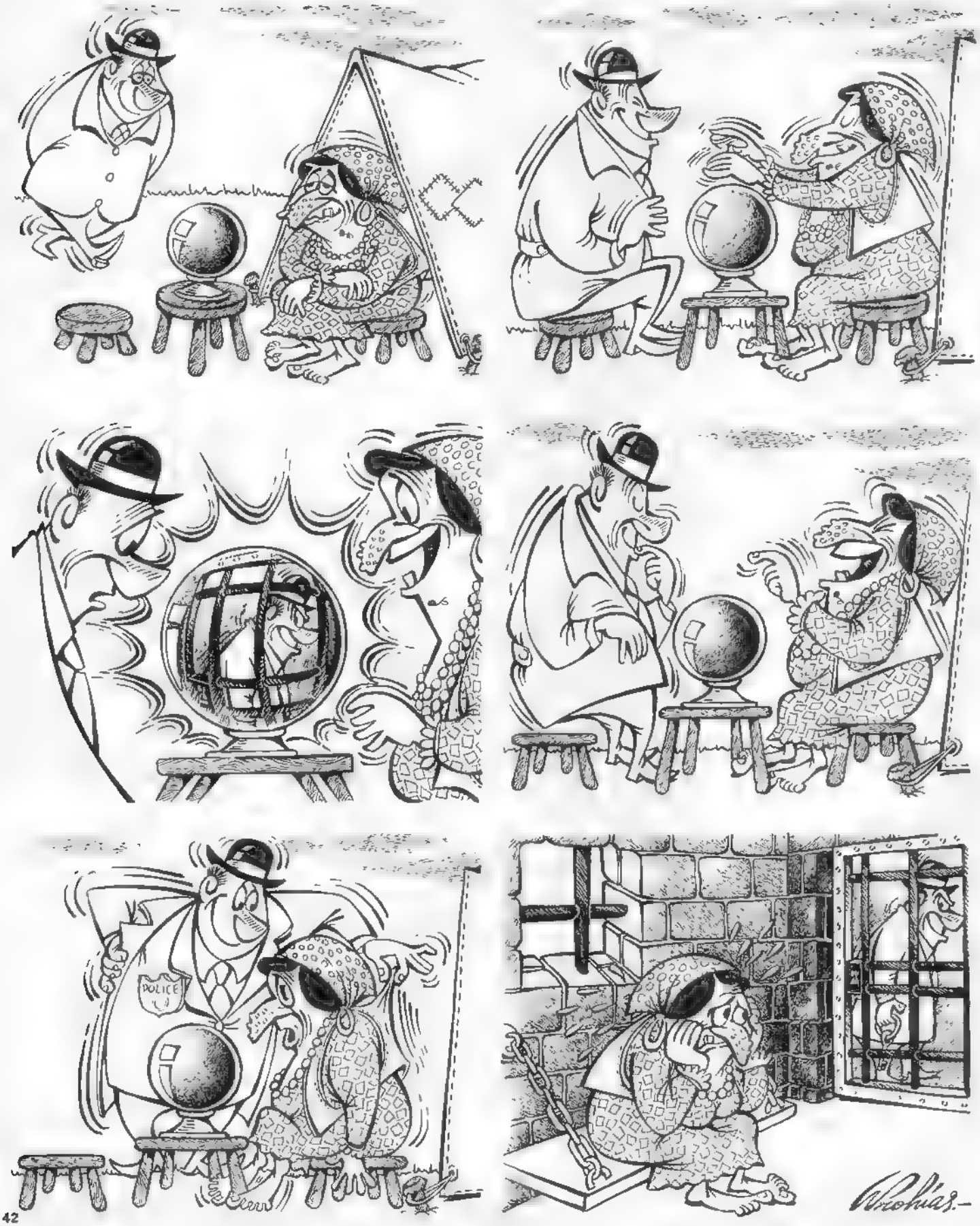
SENATOR MCGOVERN

GEORGE WALLACE

FORTUNE KOOKIE DEPT.

THE OLD BALL GAME

ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS



ECCHNIC HUMOR DEPT.

Back in the 20's, there was a Broadway show about a Jewish boy in love with a Catholic girl. The show was called "Abie's Irish Rose," and it was a tremendous long-run hit... although the Critics agreed that it wasn't very good. Today, we've got a new TV series about a Jewish boy in love with a Catholic girl that ALSO isn't very good... and yet it's scoring high in the Ratings. We don't know why. Maybe it's just a coincidence that "Abie's Irish Rose" and this show both had the same starting time: 8:30. Anyway, here's MAD's version of the TV show about Religion that we figure, in *another time*, wouldn't have a chance...

IDJIT LOVES ERNIE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Do you realize we're part of a trend in "now" and "relevant" TV Shows, Ernie? First came "All In The Family"—with bigoted but funny White Protestant parents! Then came "Sanford and Son"—with a bigoted but funny Black parent! And now comes US . . . with bigoted but funny Catholic and Jewish parents!

What ever happened to "then" and "irrelevant" FATHER KNOWS BEST loveable but serious type parents?!

Are you sorry you married out of your religion, Idjit?

Not at all! Jewish men make fantastic husbands! They're great providers! They're always Doctors or Lawyers or Accountants! By the way, Ernie, I never asked! What do you do for a living?

I drive a cab!

Er . . . Idjit?? Say something!!

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY . . .?!

Here you are, dear! Our first interfaith breakfast! Lox and hot cross buns!

Uh—thanks, Idjit! It's certainly one of the most "unbiased" meals I've ever seen!

I'm just trying my best to please you! In fact, I put on a new perfume for you today! Can you smell it?

Living above a Delicatessen, my sense of smell gets confused! It's (*Sniff!*) either Chanel No. 5, or Potato Knish No. 8!

Mom! Dad! This is Idjit, the girl I married!

We welcome with open arms the Jewish bride of our son!

But I'm NOT Jewish! I never converted!

So—come, Daughter! Let us kiss you with folded arms!

I'm very pleased to know you, Father Feinberg and Mother Feinberg!

What's with the "Father Feinberg" and "Mother Feinberg"?

Idjit went to a Catholic School! She's very formal and reserved!

Look, here we don't know from formal! Just relax and have something to eat . . .!

Yeah! Try a piece of Mr. Brisket—or a slice of Sir Whitefish!

Oh, this is Uncle Shmoe! He's sort of a 1970's version of Uncle David from the old "Molly Goldberg Show"!

Yeah! I'm the wise old Uncle with the sense of humor! I'm just what TV needs . . . a combination of Sholom Aleichem and Henny Youngman!

Listen, don't mind Manny and Sadie! They're bigoted, but they mean well!

I guess that's just one of the crosses I will have to bear!

Suddenly I've lost my sense of humor!

What does your Dad do, Idjit?
I'm not sure, but it's one of those vague TV Situation Comedy jobs that brings in millions!
Exactly HOW wealthy are you, Mr. Fitzpatrick?
Let me put it this way! You've heard of Howard Hughes??
You're THAT rich?!
Richer! Take a CLOSE LOOK at the BUTLER!

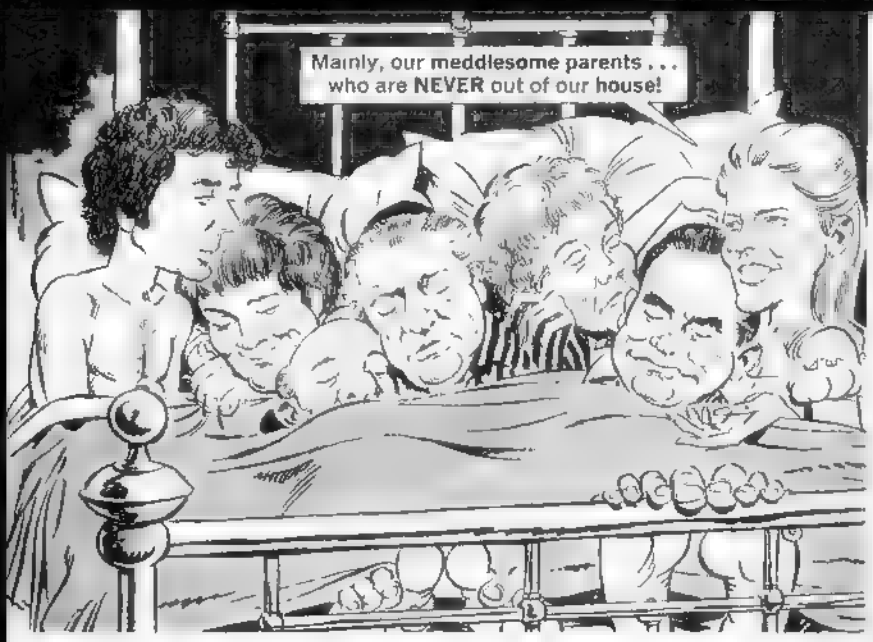
Son, I want you to come and join our Country Club! You can play golf there!
But your Club is restricted against Jews!
Yes . . . but since you married my Daughter, who's Gentile, they'll make an exception! You can play on the Miniature Golf Course!

Let's face it, Mr. Fitzpatrick! You're just as prejudiced and bigoted as my parents are!
We're not prejudiced! We've forgiven you! The Vatican decreed the Jewish people are absolved from blame for our Lord's death!
However, let's not let them off the hook for coming up with Henry Kissinger!!

Hi, guys . . . what's shakin'? I just came from watching "Jesus Christ, Super Star"! The audience gave it a kneeling ovation!
It's my brother, the Priest! Ernie, meet Father Mark, the "Jack Carter of the Stained Glass Set . . ."
He gets a two-minute spot each week, and sets Catholicism back five-hundred years!

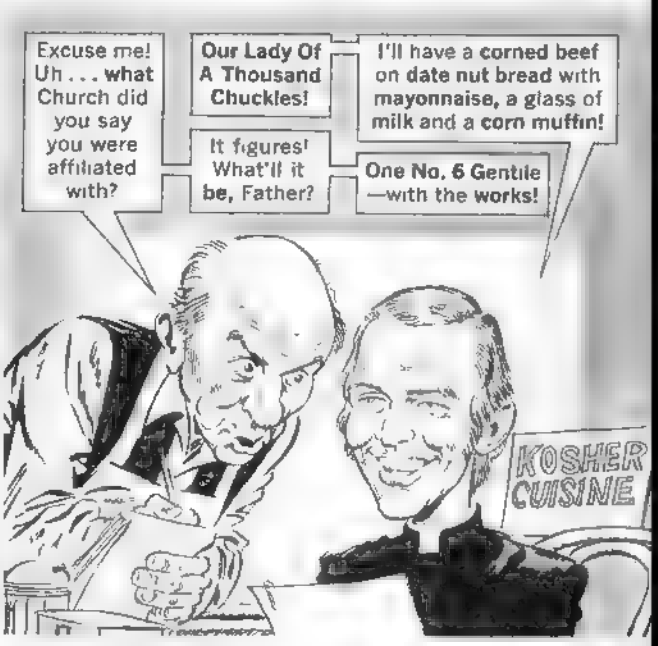
Well, what's wrong with being a FUN PRIEST?!
Nothing! But sometimes you overdo the zany liberal bit! I mean, what other Priest goes around carrying a "Gideon Coloring Book"!?
We are blessed, Children! I've been in touch with the Lord, and I happen to know He watches this TV series!
What?! H-how do you know?
I hear the Lord snoring!

This may be an uptight subject for a Catholic, Idjit . . . but do you think we should practice birth control?
Of course! How else are we going to get good at it!
But . . . you—you mean you're not concerned?
How could I be? We've got a birth control device other couples never DREAMED of!


Mainly, our meddlesome parents . . . who are NEVER out of our house!

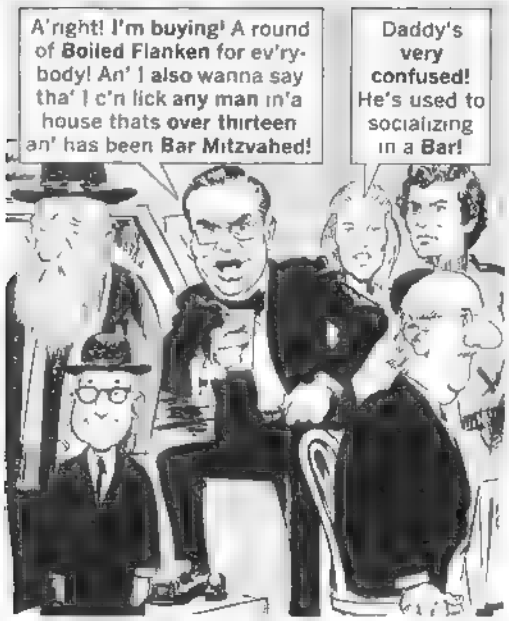
BAR
Yep, Lotus, this is the new trend in American TV programming! Two members of ethnic minorities . . . working side by side . . . both young and eager . . .
. . . and stupid!
Why do you say stupid?
Did you ever see anybody in this cab besides US?!?
TAXI

What's happening now?
It's time for both our families to meet in an outrageous Delicatessen scene in which we try to see which family can offend more viewers!
But why here? Why not at a Church Social?!?
Probably because we can get lots bigger laughs with "Hot Pastrami" gags than with "Bingo" jokes!
This is the only show that's embarrassing to both Jews and Gentiles!
Oh, yeah! I hear a lot of Atheists are offended also!
MATZOH


Excuse me! Uh . . . what Church did you say you were affiliated with?
Our Lady Of A Thousand Chuckles!
It figures! What'll it be, Father?
I'll have a corned beef on date nut bread with mayonnaise, a glass of milk and a corn muffin!
One No. 6 Gentile —with the works!
KOSHER CUISINE

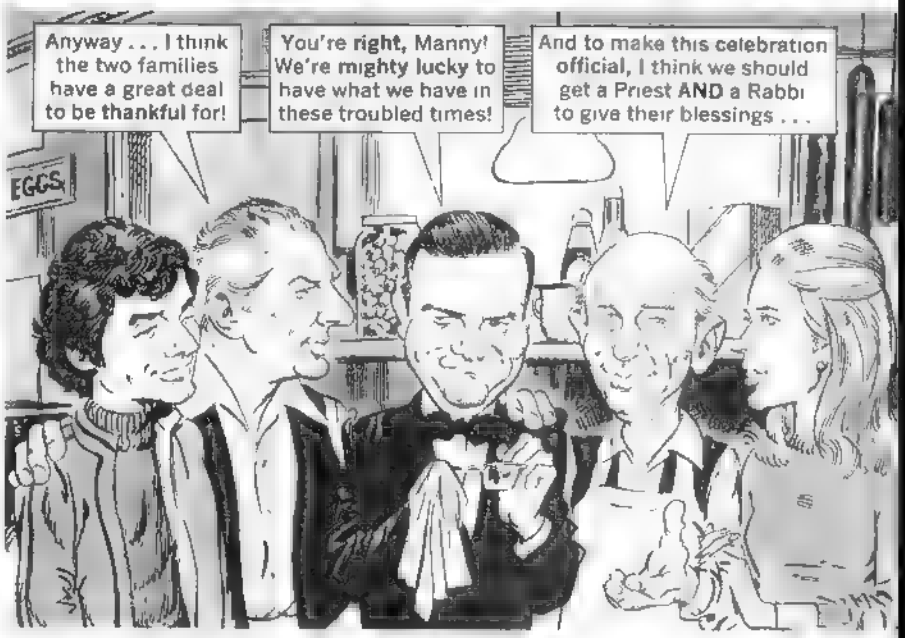
. . . And another day we celebrate is called Yom Kippur!
Yom Kippur? Why would anybody want to celebrate a Japanese Admiral?
Yom Kippur is not the name of a Japanese Admiral!
What is it?
Well, you might call it "Instant Lent"!!

Ernie has a few days off next week! Where should we go for a vacation?
It's all arranged! You're going to Miami Beach!
They're going to PALM Beach!
They're going to play "Canasta"!
They're playing "Polo"!
Sandy Koufax had a better fast ball than Bob Feller!
"Sound of Music" was bigger Box Office than "Fiddler On The Roof"!
Oh, yeah! Portnoy had more sexual hangups than Hamlet!
Then it's all settled! We are going to DENMARK!


A'right! I'm buying! A round of Boiled Flanken for ev'ry-body! An' I also wanna say tha' I c'n lick any man in'a house thats over thirteen an' has been Bar Mitzvahed!
Daddy's very confused! He's used to socializing in a Bar!

Father, I tell you, it sounds like my people!
No . . . you're wrong, Uncle Shmoe! It's MY people!
There's no question about it! It's definitely Jewish!
How could you say that when it's so obviously Catholic?
It's got a distinctive Israeli flavor!
Undeniable Vatican quality!
What are they doing Now . . .?
Arguing about the religion of the laugh track!
HA HA HO HO HEE HEE HA HO HO HA HA HE

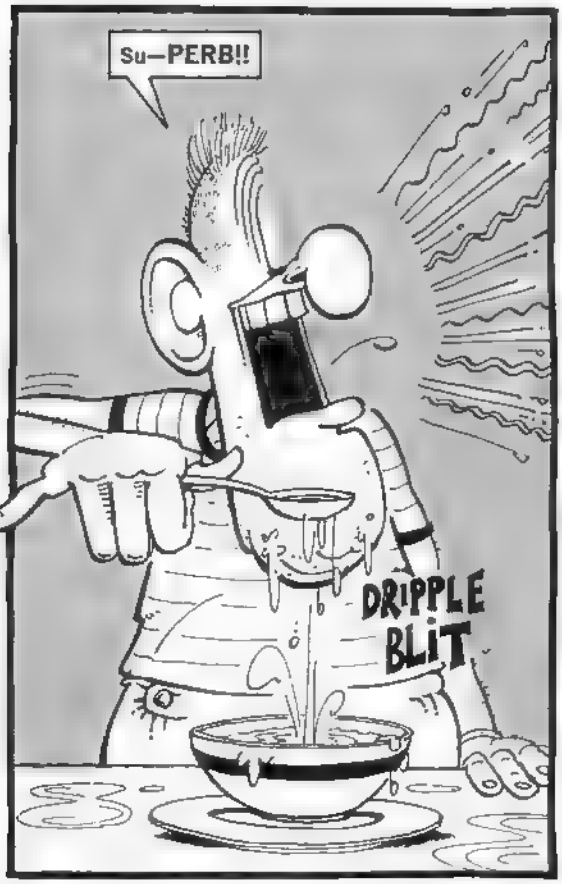
Please! Enough fighting!
Uncle Shmoe is turning white from all these cultural clashes!
Not really, Manny! I got so bored by the dialogue, I fell asleep in the potato salad!


Anyway . . . I think the two families have a great deal to be thankful for!
You're right, Manny! We're mighty lucky to have what we have in these troubled times!
And to make this celebration official, I think we should get a Priest AND a Rabbi to give their blessings . . .
EGGS

We are gathered today in the sight of CBS to bring together this Protestant actor playing a Jewish cabbie, and this Elizabeth Montgomery look-alike, and give thanks to HIM who makes it possible!
Though we are of different Faiths, we should kneel and pray to HIM . . . for without HIM, we are lost!
Yes, without HIM, we would founder in the depths of the Ratings, for surely the scripts are tedious and trite and filled with bland mediocrities!
So let us bless this "Time Slot" on Saturday nights, and give thanks unto HIM who we follow, and pray that we always will follow HIM . . . for HE precedes us at 8:00 P.M. and is responsible for our great success!
Here's TO you, Archie Bunker!
God Bless you, Archie Bunker!
Mazeltov, Archie Bunker!
L'chiam, Archie Bunker!
Cheers, Archie Bunker!

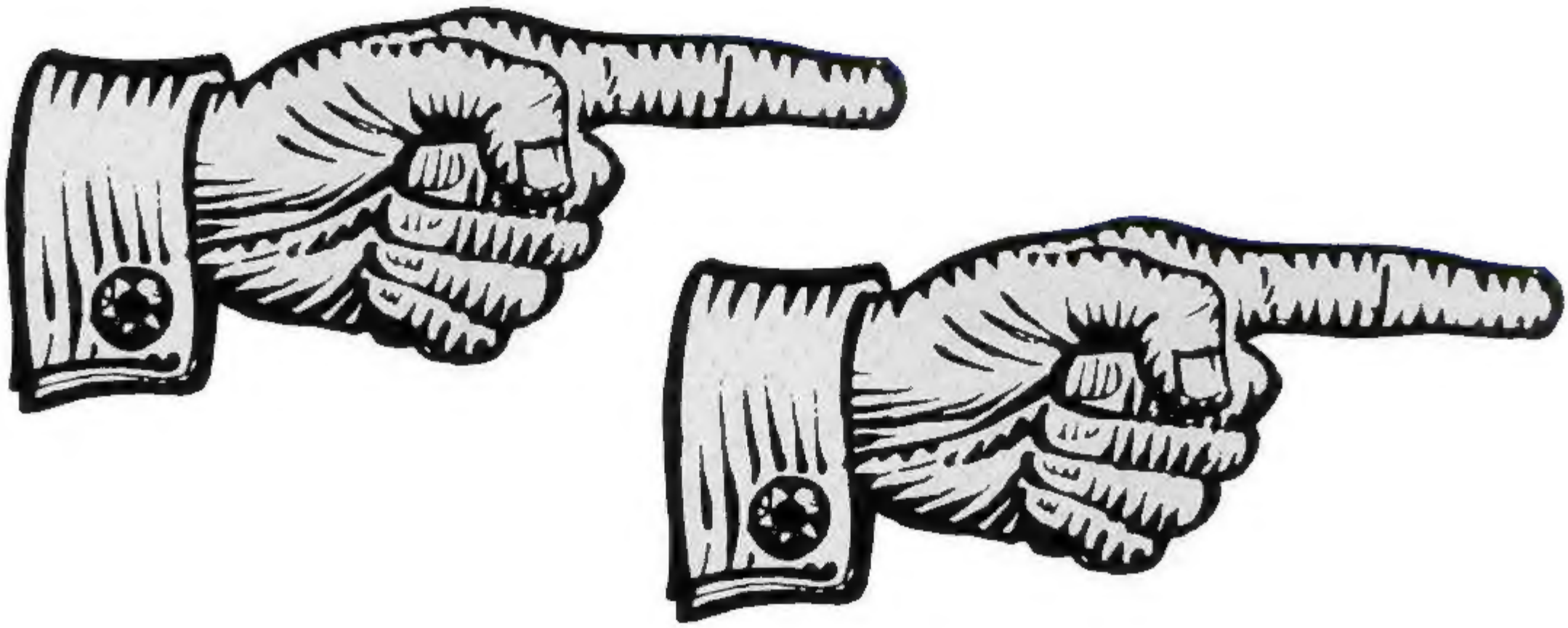
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE EVENING IN SPAIN



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS THE WORST FORM OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

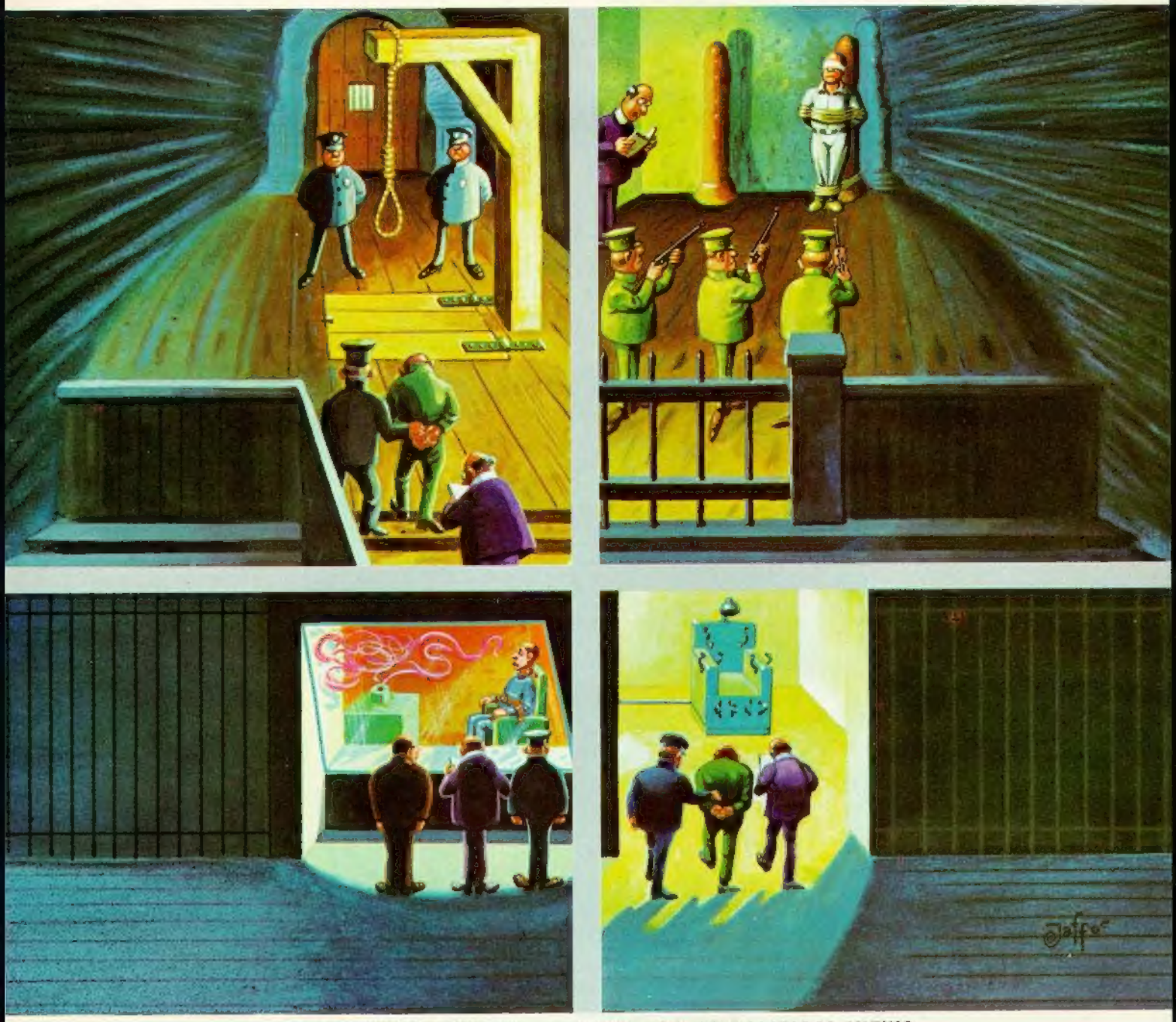
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, it seems, someone wants to bring back some horrible form of Capital Punishment! But there is one form of Capital Punishment which is more horrible than all the rest. And everyone... regardless of criminal status... must eventually suffer it. To find out what it is, fold page in.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



NO ONE IN THE WORLD...REGARDLESS OF POLITICAL VIEWS ...CAN ESCAPE ONE FORM OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. FROM WAY-OUT LEFTISTS, SCREAMING—TO REACTIONARIES, GUSHING— TODAY, WE MUST ALL SUFFER THIS TERRIBLE MALEDICTION

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

WHAT IS THE WORST FORM OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

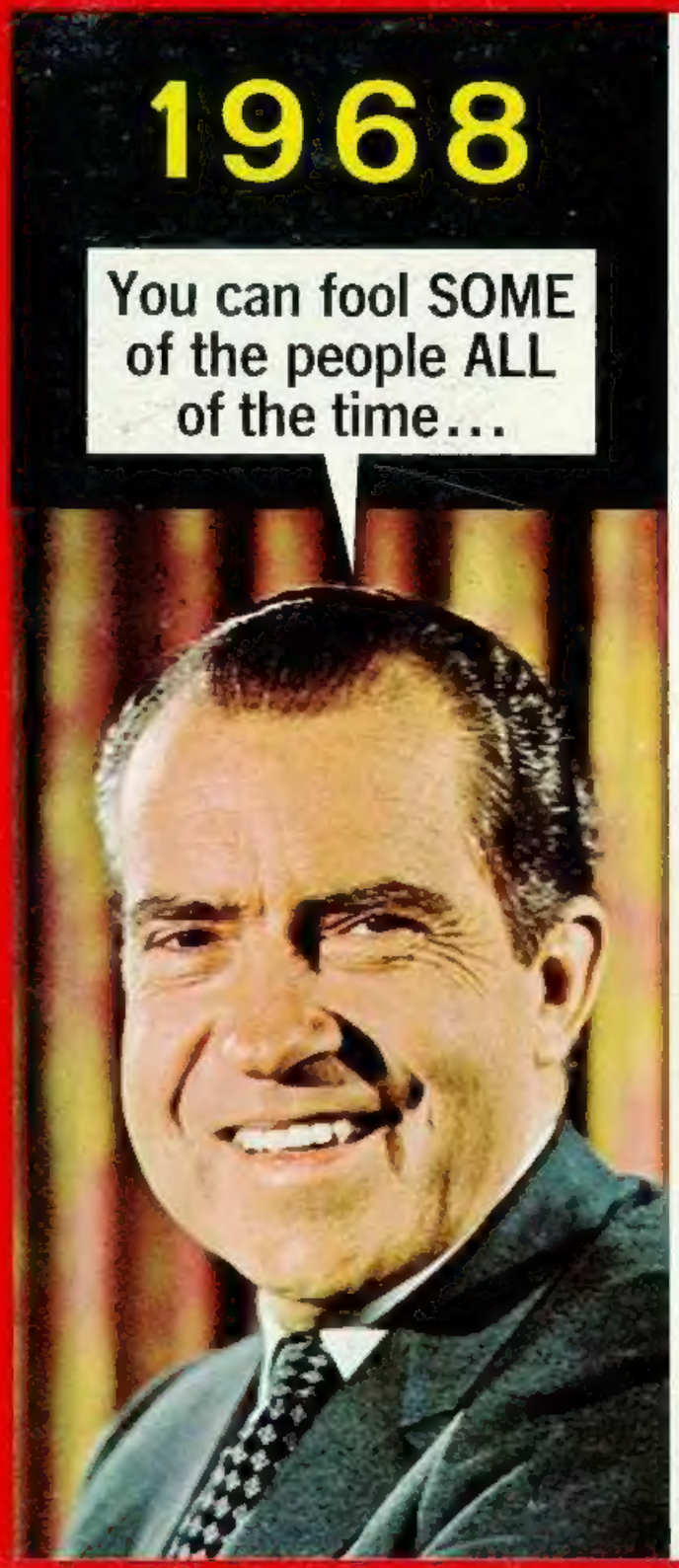
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

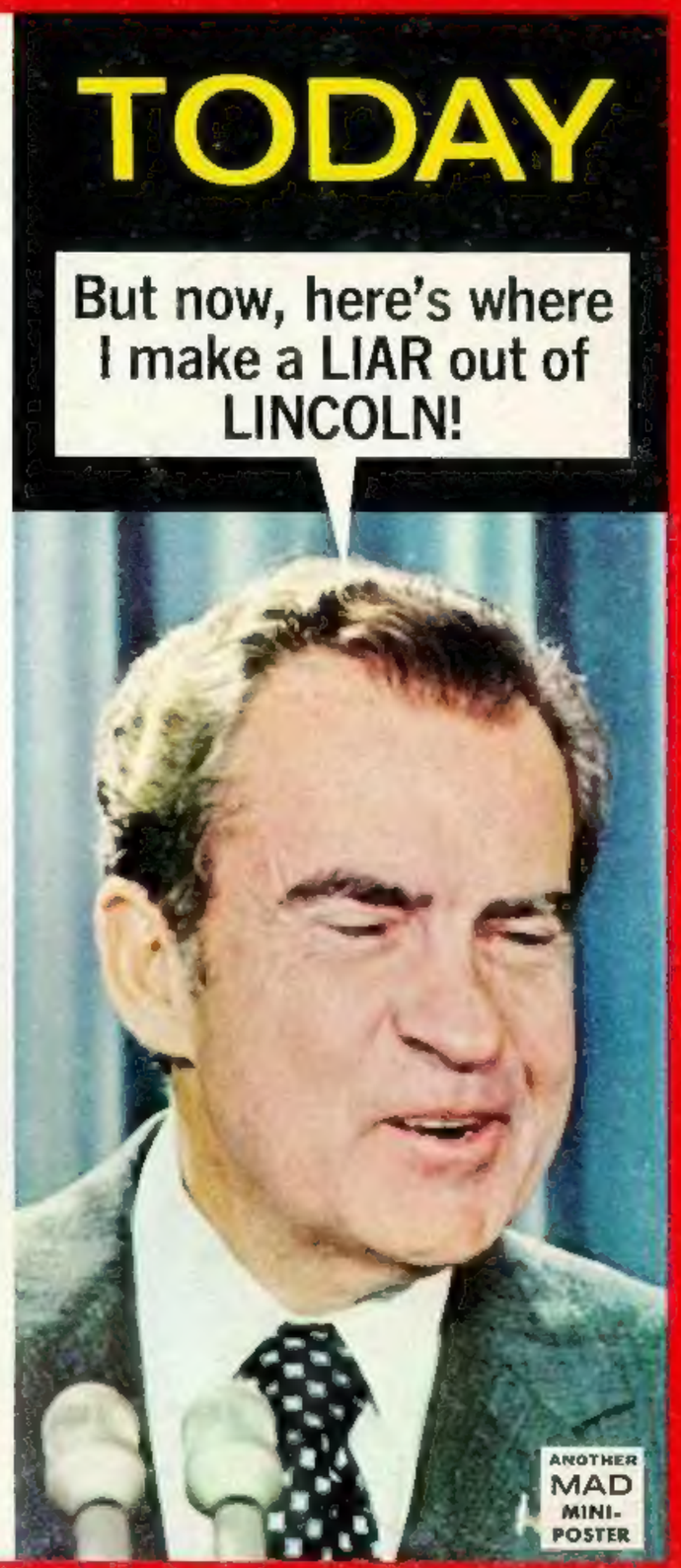
A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

NEWS FROM WASHING— TON

A▶◀B





PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

WRITTEN BY LARRY GORE